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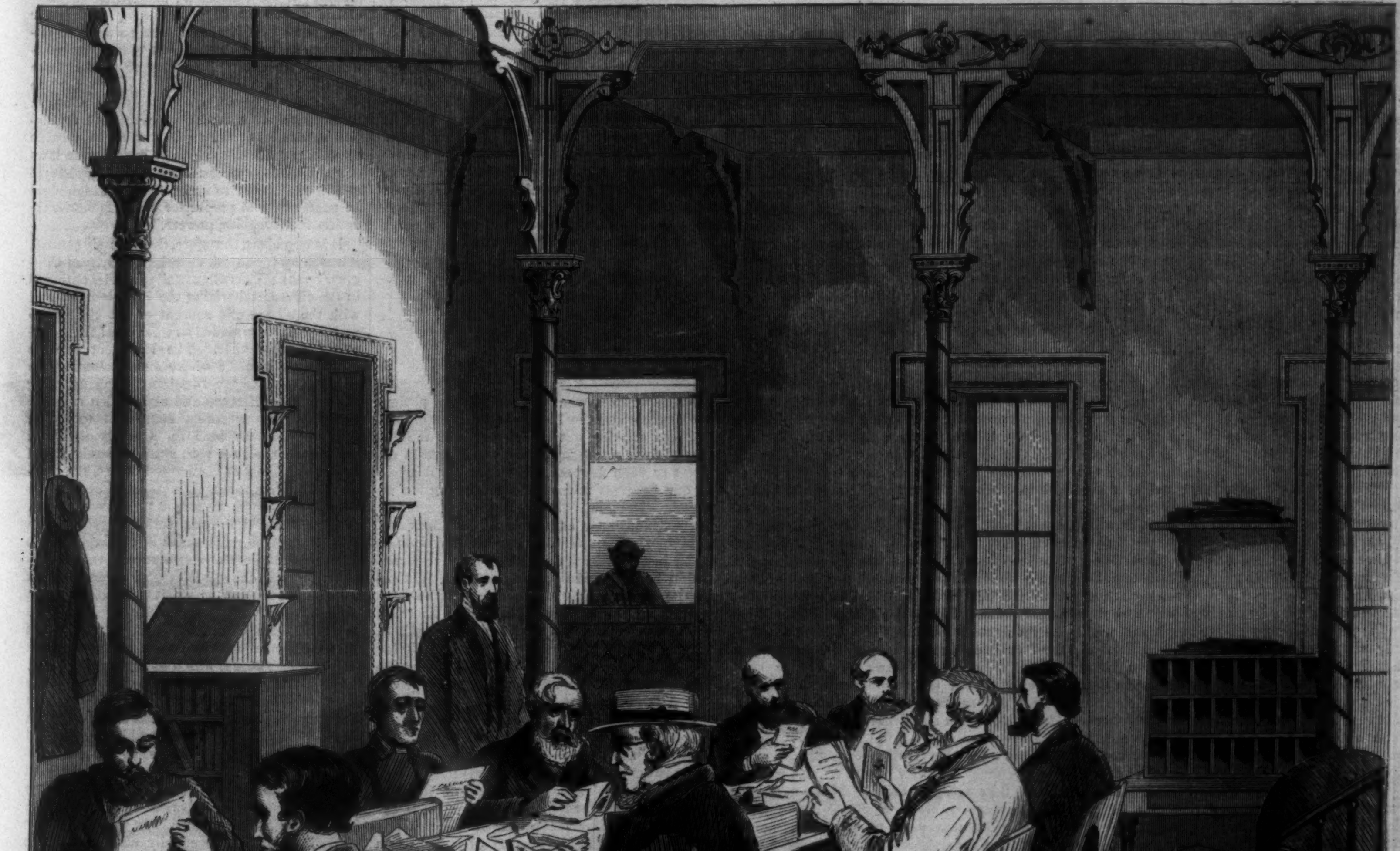
DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

OUT of the 462,279,719 letters which annually pass through the United States mails, 4,306,508 are misdirected or unpaid and go to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington. Our own correspondence—by no means light, since we have had very frequently to open over a thousand letters a day—has taught us that there are a great many careless people who consign not only their effusions but their money to the mails with the most reckless negligence; what must be then the experience of the venerable clerks of the Dead-Letter Office who examine the misdirected ones of a daily correspondence of over one million letters? It is hardly credible that frequently letters reach the Department at Washington which have the name of the town as well as that of the State omitted from the direction; or that often there is no other address than that of the town and State, the name of the person being omitted as totally unimportant. And occasionally letters thus carelessly directed contain money or other valuables.

But if the misdirections of dead-letter offices are curious often their contents are far more singular. A great many persons have a singular idea of the nature of mailable matter; and in the Museum of the Department at Washington may be found articles of every character resurrected from the dead-letters. While our artist was making the sketch on this page a worn-out gaiter boot, size 2½, was disemboweled from a defunct package and consigned to the waste bundle. Hoop-skirts, night-gowns, embroidered slippers, as well as lace collars and such light wearing apparel, are supposed by some deluded females to be mailable matter; while oil-paintings, jewelry, and sometimes even glass ware pass by Uncle Sam's express rather than those of Adams's.

Our sketch of this interesting bureau of the Postal Department at Washington illustrates the process of disposing of the dead-letters. The work of opening the letters and arranging them in bundles is done by male clerks, some of whom have been for many years engaged in the Department. One of the old gentlemen shown in the sketch is a brother of a former Postmaster-General. When the letters have been opened, they are tied up in bundles and passed to female clerks, who occupy a balcony which extends



THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

around the apartment. Those letters which contain money or valuables are passed directly to the chief clerks or "heads of divisions," and by them registered and carefully noted and examined. It is the duty of the female clerks to investigate the bundles of opened letters and discover all information that may be contained which will facilitate the return of the dead-letter to the sender.

The latest statistics of the Dead-Letter Office show that of the 4,306,508 letters consigned thereto during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, 3,619,062 were domestic, and 179,466 foreign. Nearly half a million were held for non-payment of postage. These statistics show that the number of dead-letters diminished nearly one million during the last year, and this gratifying result is attributed to the use of envelopes with a request for the return to the writers of unclaimed letters directly from the post-office addressed. It is estimated that fully fifty millions of these envelopes were used during that year, the Department supplying about one-third of the number.

There is very little of this great amount of paper wasted. Such letters as can not be returned to their owners are sold by contract, and, by a patented process, reduced to a pulp in the presence of a post-office official; from this the ink is extracted, and the pulp worked into paper.

So profitable has this proved that the other departments at Washington are saving their waste paper, and the Treasury Department has lately made a proposal to supply the Postal Department with envelopes made from defaced fractional currency.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, February 22, 1868.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE Republican Convention of New York has declared its preference for General Grant as a candidate for the Presidency, and for Governor Fenton as Vice-President. The Convention appointed the delegates to Chicago, and adopted a series of simple and decided resolutions, which express the utmost confidence in Grant and Fenton, the heartiest sympathy with Congress, and the most stringent desire of an economical administration of the Government. The Convention was large, enthusiastic, and unanimous. The temporary Chairman, the Hon. J. M. Van Cott, opened the session with a very admirable and eloquent statement of the principle and position of the party, and the difference in the city, which appears in every Convention, had a fair hearing, and was determined as usual.

Upon this point we have only to repeat what we said at the close of the last Convention. The Republican party does not wish to exclude any honest votes. It welcomes all who accept its principles and approve its policy. Its conduct shows that it does not wish to reopen old differences when they are once settled; and with its National delegation, headed by the names of General Sickles and Lyman Tremain, it will hardly be accused of a reluctance to honor those who have not always acted with it. But if General Sickles and Mr. Tremain had been Republicans, and had last year actively engaged in a movement the inevitable result of which would have been the overthrow of the party, and had openly supported the Democratic candidates and policy, with what face could those gentlemen or their friends have insisted upon the party honors this year?

Yet that is precisely the position of the gentlemen who every year go to the Convention from the city and demand what they call recognition. What is recognition? Many of them supported Mr. Hoffman for Governor. Their peculiar organs constantly deride the policy which the Republican party adopts. It is very difficult to discover why they are not practically Democrats in every thing but the name, and yet they perpetually demand "recognition." Recognition as what? As representatives of the Republican party, as interpreters of the Republican policy, as candidates for Republican honors? Such a claim is palpably unfair. If they wish recognition as Republicans merely—they have it if they sincerely support the party. If they wish something more—if they aim at party honors, they ought certainly to see that the surest way to them is not the provocation of dissensions: it is a quiet blending with the mass of the party, and the rest will follow.

But when they urge their constant argument that the Republican vote diminishes in the city, what do they mean? Is the vote smaller because they themselves vote against the party? And is that a cogent reason for giving them a "recognition" which consists in conspicuous position or leadership? Is it not the simple truth that these gentlemen diverged from the party, and is it not equally true that nothing prevents their return to it? When Mr. Spencer or Mr. Greeley speak of the party as doing better without them they mean merely, we presume, that an open enemy is better than a false friend. But why should there be any false friendship in the matter? Why do not the contestants vote and act with the party?

They will not, of course, claim that they have been the only faithful Republicans, and that the rest were in error. For they will recall what Mr. Weed has himself confessed, and they must concede that Mr. Weed's difference with the great party with which he was so long associated sprang from the adoption by that party of a policy which he did not favor. Mr. Weed would hardly insist that he had been a consistent Republican, in the ordinary use of the words; and if he would not make the claim, surely none of the gentlemen who now act with him can properly urge it. Their duty as sincere Republicans, by which we now merely mean voters who prefer, from whatever reason, to support the Republican party—is to acknowledge its present organization; and when they have done so, if they are dissatisfied with it, to endeavor to change that organization within the line of the party. Every man of the contestants, we are very sure, would do more in a single day to obliterate all difference by quietly uniting with the party, than they can ever do by obstinate persistence in a quarrel with which the party in the State has no sympathy.

The New York Republicans have begun betimes. Their voice is clear and firm. But the great result of the campaign, to which every generous American who believes that the welfare of the country imperatively demands the ascendency of the Republican party, looks hopefully forward, is to be attained only by the most diligent and intelligent and conscientious labor. It will be a contest of reason and patriotism with the surviving traditions of the political demoralization wrought by slavery upon the public mind.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE GENERAL.

There can no longer be a doubt of General Grant's opinions upon the political situation. He has spoken as he should have spoken, not in obedience to a party request, or to satisfy the exigency of a Presidential canvass, but in the course of his official duty, and in reply to a verbal order of the President of the United States to disregard the law. Of the scope and manner of the General's reply every body in the country is now aware. He says in the most positive tone that his intention is and has been to obey the law—an intention which, when asserted by General Hancock, threw the President into ecstasies of delight—and he adds that he thinks all the wretched falsehood which has lately issued from the White House, through certain newspapers, is an attempt to involve him in the resistance to law for which the President hesitated to assume the responsibility.

In a question of veracity between the President and the General very few intelligent persons, we presume, would long hesitate which to believe. It is certainly a painful duty for any citizen to be compelled to say that he does not believe the President to have told the truth; and to obviate that necessity General Grant generously states, at the close of his letter of January 25, that the President may have misunderstood him. But that is hardly possible. The President's intention to use General Grant to the General's political ruin has been evident from the day that he called him to the War Department. He counted undoubtedly upon the involuntary flexibility of a soldier who had lived remote from politics in the hands of a trained politician. Grant was too popular. He commanded the confidence of thoughtful men, as well as the admiration of the multitude. There were plain signs that he was to be an irresistible candidate for the Presidency, unless his fame were in some manner tarnished, or his incompetency somehow exposed. He was not yet the fully accepted favorite of the most radical Republicans, and it would be an ingenious and effective movement to entangle him in a net of false appearances.

For this purpose he was made to displace Mr. Stanton, the Republican representative in the Cabinet. For a moment the plot seemed to succeed. Those Republicans who were opposed to the nomination of General Grant made the most of the occasion, and spoke of his action with a regret which betrayed the utmost satisfaction. Gradually the truth began to appear. The General quietly discharged his duties, and remained upon the best possible terms with Mr. Stanton. Those who truly comprehended the position of affairs felt that he had succeeded Mr. Stanton as the representative of the anti-reactionary spirit in the Cabinet, and were content. The feeling for him in the country deepened. Without writing letters or making speeches, he became more and more the accepted candidate of the liberal party under the changed circumstances of the time. The meeting in New York, proceeding from a great interest which is not political, reminded the President of his own forlorn position and waning hopes. The natural and admirable silence of the General, who had always spoken—and unmistakably—whenever a proper occasion arose, was as puzzling to his enemies as it was satisfactory to his friends. The impeachment failed. Generals Ord and Pope were removed. Congress debated, and as the necessity of action in the case of Mr. Stanton approached, the President resolved to turn it to his own advantage.

Nobody should be surer of his weapons and of his adversary than a political fencer. The President made another thrust—and has thrown himself instead of touching his opponent. There is something comical in his discomfiture, if it did not involve some very grave considerations. Knowing that Mr. Stanton would be reinstated, and desiring to thwart the course of law, the President tried to engage General Grant as an accomplice. He failed ignominiously, and in revenge declared that the General had promised to help him break the law. The General, of course, denies it, but says that the President may have thought otherwise. To say that the President *must* have thought otherwise, or he would have removed the General, is folly. The President is not of mettle that would brave the sure consequence of such an act. He hoped to place General Grant in the attitude of passively opposing Congress by awaiting an order of the Supreme Court—and was again foiled.

The correspondence will not materially affect the opinion which honorable men hold of the President, but it shows that General Grant is as faithful as he is silent, and as sagacious as he is brave. The most skeptical Republican now sees what many have always known, that the General's devotion to the principles upon which alone the country can be restored to permanent peace is sure and profound. We all talk so much in this country that we can hardly believe a man to be steadfast and right unless he occasionally vociferates the fact of his fidelity. But there is something in the total want of exaggeration both in General Grant's character and conduct, a charm of blended modesty, sagacity, and simplicity, so unusual among our public men, that, as with Lincoln, its contemplation tends to high public benefit. He is the only prominent candidate for any office who knows not Buncombe.

From this time forward he must, of course, endure a pitiless storm of the foulest slander. The very doubt which his silence inspired in the minds of some reactionary managers, that he could be made the candidate of negro hate and repudiation, will touch their darts with a more acrid venom. But the man who advanced from tranquil obscurity to be the great soldier who victoriously ended the war, and whose moderation and subordination to law are as admirable as his warlike genius, will know how to preserve his own self-respect and the enthusiastic confidence of his friends amidst the furious falsehoods of party malignity.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE POWERS OF CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT OVER OFFICERS.

The question, what are the relative powers of Congress and the President in adjusting the relations growing out of civil war, and the extent of their respective powers, increases in interest as each new and important event arises in our progress toward the consummation of peace. The minds of some are embarrassed by the extraordinary admission of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, that Congress is acting outside of its just constitutional limits; and some confusion is produced by the conflicting opinions of the ablest jurists and statesmen who have written on the subject. Chancellor Kent, in the first volume of his Commentaries, page 165, affirms that by the Constitution of the United States the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, *may make peace*; but it is reserved to Congress to declare war. Mr. Madison, in his celebrated articles under the signature of "Helvidius," takes the same ground, basing it wholly upon the treaty-making power, which is in these words: "He [the President] shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." There is no other ground for this opinion. It is clear, therefore, that the deduction as to where the authority to make peace is lodged is erroneous, as applied to a civil war; as no party on the other side capable of making a treaty is admitted to exist. In case of a foreign war with an acknowledged power, there would perhaps be a necessity for closing it by treaty, and such treaty when made would undoubtedly govern. If when the interview was pending at Fortress Monroe between agents of the so-called Confederate Government and President Lincoln an understanding had been reached, the matters in difference might perhaps have been arranged by treaty, agreed to in the first instance by the President and Mr. Davis; but as the interview was fruitless, it can not be affirmed with certainty what course would have been taken in the opposite contingency. It might have been in the contemplation of President Lincoln to submit the matter, in case of an understanding, to Congress for its decision; for this would have been the true course. The President alone has no power to terminate and tie up the ends of a war; on the contrary, the power (except in the case of a foreign war ended by treaty) is lodged solely with Congress. Vattel, in his Law of Nations, page 432, says: "The same power who has the power of making war, of determining on it, of declaring it, and of directing its operations, has naturally that likewise of making and concluding the treaty of peace. These two powers are connected together, and the latter naturally follows the former. If the ruler of the state is empowered to judge of the causes and reasons for which the war is to be undertaken, of the time and circumstances proper for undertaking it, of the manner in which it is to be supported and carried on, it is therefore his province to set bounds to its progress, to point out the time when it shall be discontinued, and to conclude a peace." Blackstone, at 258 of his Commentaries, 1st volume, confirms this view, as follows: "And wherever the right resides of beginning a national war, there must also reside the right of ending it, or the power of making peace." The Supreme Court of the United States, in 3d Dallas, page 54, referring to the old Articles of Confederation (in which, however, the right to make peace is conferred in express terms), say: "In Congress were vested......the rights and powers of war and peace......there must be a supreme power or will—the rights of war and peace are *component parts* of this supremacy." The only authority conferred on the President besides that relating to treaties, which has the least bearing on this subject, are the clauses which vest in him "the executive power;" which provide that "he shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy," and of the militia while in service, and that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." These, it will be seen, are *executive* powers; while the power to declare war is made wholly *legislative*, as will appear from an examination of the clauses which bear upon it. It is "the United States" (Constitution, §4, art. 4), not the Executive, "which shall protect each of them" (the States) "against invasion; and......against domestic violence." The necessary powers for these purposes and for declaring war were expressly conferred on Congress among the enumerated powers. "The Congress shall have power" (says the Constitution) "to declare war,"......"to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces; to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions;" and "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

It is very clear, therefore, that the only control, if it amount to control, over the authority of Congress on the subject of war and peace, is contained in the clause authorizing the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. The President can do nothing without the advice and consent of the Senate, nor can the two jointly do any thing without the existence and action of a ruler of acknowledged authority, competent to make, and who has assented to, a treaty with our Government. In a war, such as lately raged within the limits of the United States, the power of Congress is wholly unfettered as respects its *termination* as well as its commencement. The power of Congress with respect to civil war is unspent until peace is accomplished to its satisfaction. No interference of the Executive, except in the single case of a treaty, if that were possible, can affect it. The terms on which the capitulation of General Lee were accepted do not impair this power, the extent of which was measured by the emergency that called it into being, which put at stake the life, liberty, and property of every citizen and the very existence of the nation. Until Congress decides that these great interests are placed on a basis of security the powers which war called into existence, and which supplant those of peace, remain in force. In war the collected forces which are arrayed for our destruction must be met by an equivalent or greater force; and as the power to assault is unlimited, that for defense must be equally unlimited. The framers of our Constitution could not, and did not, therefore, set any limits upon the discretion of Congress in declaring, conducting, or terminating a civil war, but made its powers commensurate with the emergency.

The question has arisen in adjusting the terms of peace—for this the country is now engaged in—whether it is competent for Congress to bestow powers on an officer created by its own authority without direct responsibility to the Executive. The Constitution, in the clause § 2, Art. II., conferring on the President the power to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint certain officers, provides expressly that "[illegible] Congress may by law vest the appointment of *such inferior officers as they think proper* in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the Heads of Departments."

In the case of Kendall against the United States, reported in 12th Peters, 625, Chief-Justice Taney observes: "The office of Postmaster-General was not created by the Constitution, nor are its powers or duties marked out by that instrument. The office was created by act of Congress, and whenever Congress creates such an office as that of Postmaster-General by law, it may unquestionably by law limit its powers, and regulate its proceedings, and may subject it to any supervision or control, executive or judicial, which the wisdom of the Legislature may deem right."

Judge Thompson, in delivering the opinion of the Court in that case, says (page 612): "It was urged at the bar that the Postmaster-General was alone subject to the direction and control of the President with respect to the execution of the duty imposed on him by this law; and this right of the President is claimed as growing out of the obligation imposed upon him by the Constitution to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. This is a doctrine that can not receive the sanction of this Court. It would be vesting in the President a dispensing power, which has no countenance for its support in any part of the Constitution, and is asserting a principle which, if carried out in its results to all cases falling within it, would be clothing the President with a power entirely to control the legislation of Congress and paralyze the administration of justice."

As the case arose during the Presidency of General Jackson, and was argued in behalf of Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General, by the Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Butler, and, by Mr. Key, it must be supposed that all the points which ingenuity and ability could raise were presented to the Court, and that the decision against the pretenses of General Jackson was made with all the caution and solemnity which marked the course of the Supreme Court in important Constitutional questions.

OUR MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

If Mr. Charles Francis Adams has really resigned his position Mr. William E. Robinson will probably be glad, but the country, which values great ability and the most efficient service at a most critical time, will be sincerely sorry. Mr. Adams was one of the first appointments of President Lincoln, and arrived at his post just after the famous recognition of the rebel States as a belligerent power, which is now the subject of very serious and even critical discussion. He was heralded chiefly by his name, for he had not been conspicuous in public life except as the Buffalo Free-soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848, and as a Representative in Congress during the stormy session of 1860, etc. We have before spoken of the speech which he made in the House after the movement of secession had begun. It was very grave, as conciliatory as a truly sagacious lover of liberty could then justly be, and was solemnized by the profound impression of the inevitable conflict. In May, 1861, he went to London as United States Minister.

A man of ample fortune, of secluded habits, and reserved temperament, Mr. Adams was an accomplished political student, and his preparation of the Life and Works of his grandfather, John Adams, had made him very familiar with our own history. He was one of the earliest of the political anti-slavery men, and had taken an earnest part in the great debate which ended in the war. When he went to England, therefore, he was an admirable representative of the views which had at last succeeded to the direction of the Government. He was in accord with the dominant feeling and conviction of the country, and by training and temperament was curiously fitted for his post. His masterly performance of his duties is an important part of the history of the war; and his correspondence with Earl Russell upon all the difficult questions that demanded consideration is one of the finest and most honorable chapters of our diplomacy. He has been seven years Minister, and his career has nobly maintained the high traditions of his name.

Within a few months he has been violently assailed by the Fenian champions as negligent of the rights of his fellow-citizens traveling in England upon lawful business; and Mr. William E. Robinson, a Democratic Representative from Brooklyn, a gentleman of Irish birth and a Fenian, has discharged a great deal of loose rhetoric at Mr. Adams. For ourselves, with due respect for the prudence and wisdom of Mr. Robinson, we do not believe that an outrage upon any American citizen was ever brought to the notice of Mr. Adams and disregarded by him. It is his misfortune, of course, that our Government has no determined policy upon the question of the alienation of allegiance; but we wait for the evidence that the rights of any peaceful American citizen have been violated by Great Britain within the knowledge of Mr. Adams and without action upon his part. Irishmen hot from the head-quarters of the Irish Republic in New York, landing in England or Ireland and arrested under suspicious circumstances of conspiracy, are not presumptively American citizens. When they demand Mr. Adams's protection as such it is his duty promptly to ascertain the truth, and he is not the man to omit any duty.

We do not know that his reported resignation springs from any complaint of dereliction of duty—nor from the stories of any new M'Cracken. But we do know that if it be true we lose a man from the public service who is peculiarly fitted for its responsibilities. Nor do we know what are his views of the present situation at home. The course of his son, Mr. John Quincy Adams, has been asserted to be not without the sympathy and approval of the father. But we judge Mr. Adams by his public words and acts, and they are thus far such as every honorable American must approve.

As we write, his successor is not announced. Of the three gentlemen named for that position —Mr. Seward, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and Mr. Horatio Seymour—we very much prefer Mr. Johnson. Mr. Seward's appointment would be peculiarly unfortunate, if for no other reason than the unfriendly feeling toward him in England. It would be painful to every generous American and every liberal English mind that the reaction of slavery and of our most disgraceful epoch should be represented in England by Mr. Horatio Seymour as our Minister. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, if not a Republican, was true to the country in its peril, and was therefore contemptuously rejected as Senator by the Democratic party in his State. He is by no means a representative of the best American spirit and conviction; but we shall surely have no right to complain if a President who removed Mr. Motley upon the word of M'Cracken should nominate Mr. Reverdy Johnson as Minister to England. But whoever goes upon President Johnson's nomination will not tarry very long; for the regenerated public sentiment which sent Mr. Adams will, after the 4th of March, 1869, name his successor.

FROM VIRGINIA.

A letter from a Virginian who deplores the folly which refuses to accept the terms of reconstruction offered by Congress, says that a large part of the population of the State is under the domination of the old Democratic leaders, and that the *La Crosse Democrat* and similar Northern papers are believed to express the controlling sentiment of this part of the country. The Convention now sitting in Richmond is regarded as a body which means to subject the State to negro supremacy, and, although the white voters are a majority of all, and as a class have certainly a superior education with all the advantages of influence, they prefer to sulk and to let the State stagnate. Our correspondent adds:

> "We have built up around us a Chinese wall of prejudice, and will not suffer that wall to be broken down, even to promote our own welfare.
>
> "As to being loyal citizens, we do not pretend to be so, if the term loyal implies any affection for the United States Government or attachment to it. We regard it as a despotism, cruel and oppressive. Its yoke is burdensome to us. We will cast it off when we can do so. We advocate the repudiation of the National debt, and every measure that would be injurious to the Government, not remembering that what would be pernicious to the Government of the United States would also exert a disastrous influence on our own welfare. We are opposed to the education of the negroes—that would have a tendency to place them on an equality with ourselves. Our prejudices make us blind to our best interests."

This is a condition of feeling, as we have often said, which ought to surprise no one. The theory that the late war was a silken joust of arms, in which having conquered we have only to bow gracefully to the defeated knight and invite him to dinner that all may be serene, is the very ecstasy of folly. The chief element of statesmanship is common-sense; and no one but a visionary or hopeless doctrinaire would seriously imagine that a sound and permanent reconstruction could be effected by inviting the late rebels to resume control of the various States that attempted secession. Whatever may be the right way, *that* is the wrong way; and if the country, tired of trying other methods, should at last try that, the consequences would be incalculably disastrous.

THE OHIO "MARTYR."

The New York *World*, in a severe article upon Vallandigham, does all that one newspaper can do to read him out of the Democratic party. Why it should now suddenly turn upon the eminent "Martyr" and roundly denounce him will not at once appear to every one who is not tolerably familiar with current politics. The illustrious "Martyr" has certainly not changed his views; but he has written an article prophesying a heavy Democratic defeat in Ohio, and it is but natural to suppose that he will do what he can to prove himself a true prophet. This is the occasion of the violent attack of the *World*, which is of the opinion that Vallandigham has done all the service which the Democratic party could expect of him, and that he may, therefore, now be contemptuously kicked aside.

Now it does not need a very remarkable memory to recall that in the year 1863 Vallandigham was the regular Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. He was not then residing in the State, having been expelled the country for aid given to the national enemy. The Democratic party made as usual a very loud canvass. Mr. S. S. Cox, who is now urged as Minister to Austria, stumped the State for Vallandigham, and made some remarks about the triumphant return of the illustrious exile from banishment. The "Martyr," however, was defeated by a hundred thousand majority, and was not much heard of until the Democratic National Convention in 1864, in which he was an accredited delegate, and framed the second resolution of the celebrated platform, which, as he stated in a letter on the 22d of October, 1864, received fifteen out of eighteen votes in the Platform Committee; and in his speech at Dayton, upon his return from Chicago, he said of the Convention "it meant peace, and it said so." The *World* says that Vallandigham and Mr. Pendleton "both held pronounced views on the conduct of the war." The truth is, that they both bitterly denounced the war itself, not its conduct; they were both secessionists, and one of them was the regular Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1863, and the other was the regular Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1864.

Why is Vallandigham now contemptuously cashiered, while Mr. Pendleton is at this moment the most promising, and certainly the most logical, Democratic candidate for the Presidency? That he tried to defeat Colonel Burns, a political rival, and now foretells the doom of the Democratic party in Ohio, may be convenient pretexts for denouncing him with loathing; but the real reason is, that Vallandigham is a living monument of the party position of his associates during the war, and that is a memory which the party managers would now gladly obliterate if they could. We say the party position, not, certainly, the position of all Democrats. Nor is the coming election to be determined solely by arguments drawn from the war. But when the reaction reveals its candidate, whether he be epauleted or not, the country thoroughly aroused, and mindful of its late history, will see in his supporters the party which, when Grant was taking Richmond and Sherman was marching to the sea, cried Amen! when Vallandigham in its name declared the war a failure.

OUR CITY SCHOOLS.

Since the publication of the article in our last issue on "The Expense of the City Schools" we have received a copy of an elaborate Report of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education, showing the operations of the school system of the city under existing laws. This is a public document, and one which invites the examination of all who are interested in our system of public instruction.

It appears from this Report that the Board of Education, in accordance with the recommendation of a committee of the Legislature of 1867, of which Hon. Ornon Archer was Chairman, and in pursuance of an Act introduced by Hon. Horatio Ballard, a member of that committee—providing funds for this purpose—propose this year to furnish additional school accommodations sufficient for 10,000 children. This will necessitate an expense of $601,954 $\frac{5}{100}$—$50,000 of which, by a provision of the Act, is devoted to erecting a school-house for colored children.

The whole fund, estimated by the Board for the year's expenses, including the above amount, is $2,900,000, of which the salaries of the 2514 teachers employed in the Day, Evening, and Normal Schools amount to $1,677,500.

In consideration of the high position acceded to the school system of the city by the representatives from all our neighboring cities, as well as by visitors from abroad, for its liberality and efficiency, the exhibit of the Board of Education seems to show commendable economy and good management.

We recommend an examination and careful consideration of the document to all of our citizens.

M. DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES.

The Lectures of M. Du Chaillu on his travels in the Gorilla Country, at Steinway Hall, beginning on February 17, and continuing on the 26th and 28th instants, will be among the most interesting of the season. The lecturer will illustrate his subject by many new and elegant diagrams.

CHICAGO'S CALAMITY.

The destruction of the great book-house of Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. by the fire of January 28 is recognized by the citizens of Chicago as a public calamity, in consequence not only of the drawback which the fire has been to the commercial prosperity of the city, but also, and principally, because of the destruction of the choice works which formed a large part of the stock of the great book-firm of Chicago. No house in the West exercised a greater controlling influence on the literary growth of that region than did that of Messrs. Griggs & Co.; their stock was not only large but very choice, embracing imprints of the best Eastern publishers, the standard volumes of all languages, the choicest illustrated and artistic works of France, Germany, and England, all the standard educational works for schools and colleges, including the classics, and an immense stock of stationery. While the loss of Chicago by this fire has therefore been large, commercially speaking, her calamity, intellectually regarded, has been much greater. The public of the city felt a metropolitan pride in the institution; the public of the surrounding country had long enjoyed its literary and educational influences; and the destruction of the establishment is justly looked upon as a serious public loss.

But it is not irreparable. Messrs. Griggs & Co. are men of energy, who will in the future as in the past by their great industry, experience, and tact soon build up their house upon its old foundations and attain their former prosperity. In their losses they have received the sympathy of all; in their efforts to restore their house they will have the cordial good-will and aid of the entire community and the trade East and West.

"THE VOICE IN SINGING."

A modest little book, which many persons would most gladly see, and of which they are not likely to hear, has been just published by J. B. Lippincott, in Philadelphia. It is "The Voice in Singing," by Mrs. Emma Seiler, a German lady of extraordinary scientific knowledge, who had made a name as a very careful, skilled, and learned teacher in Germany before she came to this country; and her brief work has been faithfully translated by an accomplished and most conscientious German scholar. Mrs. Seiler has made a thorough study of the voice physiologically, physically, and æsthetically, and her attention was drawn to it by her own experience as a teacher, which revealed to her that she had no sound general principle for the special culture of voices, and by the conviction of competent judges that fine singers are becoming fewer than formerly. Her studies, her acquaintance with the best modern singers—notably with Jenny Lind—her residence in Italy and in France, and familiarity with the method of Garcia and the other masters, taught her that the present method of teaching is injurious; and heroically beginning at the beginning, with the laryngoscope, she satisfied herself by patient study and reflection, and the result of her researches is written in this little book. We commend it most earnestly to all students of vocal music as sure to instruct and delight them by its thoroughness and clearness. It is not easy reading, but it is very valuable, and may help to save and perfect many a lovely voice. It is a work of blended knowledge and enthusiasm, and unique in conciseness and simplicity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The sessions of Congress from February 4 to February 10 were not very important.

The Senate still has the new Reconstruction bill under debate, with no signs of an early conclusion of the discussion.

On February 5, a bill was promptly passed through both Houses authorizing the Secretary of War to employ counsel for the defense of army officers in cases brought against them for acts performed in the discharge of their duties in enforcing the Reconstruction laws.

The first step toward forfeiting the railroad grants to certain of the Southern States was taken in the House on February 5, a bill for that purpose passing by a vote of 86 yeas to 73 nays.

The new army appropriation bill, reported in the House February 6, provides $33,000,000 for the annual expenses and very largely reduces the force.

The House does not think that the Capital of the United States ought to be removed to the Mississippi Valley. A resolution declaring such to be the sense of the House was lost on February 10 by a vote of 97 nays to 77 yeas.

A bill was introduced in the House on February 10 to provide for a gradual return to specie payments. It provides that on and after the 1st of December, 1868, the Secretary of the Treasury shall exchange gold for legal-tender notes at the rate of one gold dollar for one dollar and thirty cents in currency; on the 1st of January, 1869, at one dollar and twenty-nine cents, and one cent less on the first of each succeeding month until the exchange is dollar for dollar; and that on and after June 1, 1871, the United States will pay gold for all its legal-tender notes, dollar for dollar. It leaves the question of contraction or expansion of the currency to future legislation. No action has as yet been taken on it.

NEWS ITEMS.

Minister Adams has resigned, and is to return to the United States in April, in time to take an active and perhaps prominent part in the next great political canvass.

The Republican Convention of New York met at Syracuse on February 5, and instructed its delegates to the National Convention to vote for General Grant and Governor Fenton as the candidates of the party for President and Vice-President.

The Arkansas Convention recently voted upon a resolution to prohibit amalgamation of the races. The vote was a party one, the Radicals and blacks voting for and the Conservatives against the proposition.

General O'Neil, of Fenian fame, has offered the President one hundred thousand men to enforce the *Alabama* or any other claims against England.

The Supreme Court decision in the Georgia and Mississippi cases—in which those States sued to restrain the Secretary of War, General-in-Chief, and others, from enforcing the reconstruction laws therein—holds that the court is without jurisdiction. A former decision of Chief Justice Taney was quoted in support of the position taken. It was held by the court that the question was purely political and not judicial; and that the court could have no right to pronounce merely an abstract opinion of the United States Constitution or of State laws. No question of person or property was presented in the bill to justify judicial action on the part of the court.

The Alabama election resulted in a defeat of the proposed Constitution by the failure to vote of a majority of the registered electors. This is the first election of this character which has been held by any of the Southern States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

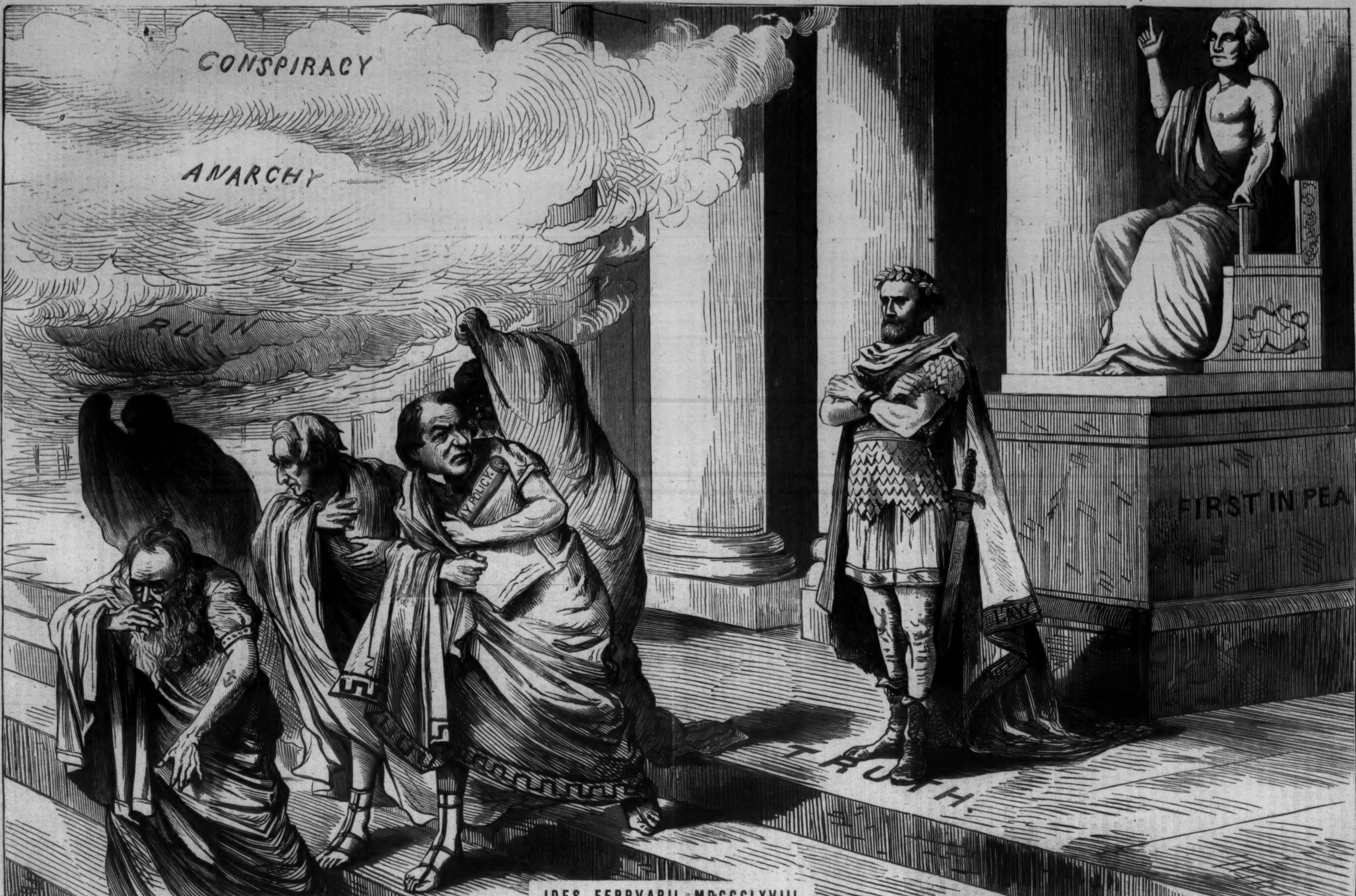
The Roman question is again being seriously discussed in France and Italy in consequence of the interesting fact that Victor Emanuel had prohibited the Italian clergy from performing a Te Deum ordered by the Pope to celebrate the defeat of the Garibaldians.

The King and Queen of Portugal while hunting on February 5 were fired upon by a party in ambush, but escaped unhurt.

Prussia has pensioned the deposed King of Hanover, but objects to his living in France, and Napoleon has consented to expel all Hanoverian political refugees from French soil.

The King of Prussia has expressed a willingness to act as umpire between the United States and Great Britain in the matter of the *Alabama* claims.

United States Minister Burlinghame is in the service of the Emperor of China: at least he has resigned the mission to China, and is on his way home with a message from the Emperor of China to the President of the United States. Whether or not it has reference to commercial intercourse, or asks aid against the rebels, is not yet known.


CONSPIRACY
ANARCHY
RUIN
MY POLICY
FIRST IN PEA
LAW
TRUTH.

IDES FEBRVARII. MDCCCLXVIII.

"Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts."—*Havard's Regulus.*

"The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie."—*Murphy's Alonzo.*

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XIII.

I FOUND my lady in her own sitting-room. She started and looked annoyed when I mentioned that Sergeant Cuff wished to speak to her.

"*Must* I see him?" she asked. "Can't you represent me, Gabriel?"

I felt at a loss to understand this, and showed it plainly, I suppose, in my face. My lady was so good as to explain herself.

"I am afraid my nerves are a little shaken," she said. "There is something in that police-officer from London which I recoil from—I don't know why. I have a presentiment that he is bringing trouble and misery with him into the house. Very foolish and very unlike *me*—but so it is."

I hardly knew what to say to this. The more *I* saw of Sergeant Cuff the better I liked him. My lady rallied a little after having opened her heart to me—being naturally a woman of a high courage, as I have already told you.

"If I must see him, I must," she said. "But I can't prevail on myself to see him alone. Bring him in, Gabriel, and stay here as long as he stays."

This was the first attack of the megrims that I remembered in my mistress since the time when she was a young girl. I went back to the "boudoir." Mr. Franklin strolled out into the garden, and joined Mr. Godfrey, whose time for departure was now drawing near. Sergeant Cuff and I went straight to my mistress's room.

I declare my lady turned a shade paler at the sight of him! She commanded herself, however, in other respects, and asked the Sergeant if he had any objection to my being present. She was so good as to add that I was her trusted adviser as well as her old servant, and that in any thing which related to the household I was the person whom it might be most profitable to consult. The Sergeant politely answered that he would take my presence as a favor, having something to say about the servants in general, and having found my experience in that quarter already of some use to him. My lady pointed to two chairs, and we set in for our conference immediately.

"I have already formed an opinion on this case," says Sergeant Cuff, "which I beg your ladyship's permission to keep to myself for the present. My business now is to mention what I have discovered up stairs in Miss Verinder's sitting-room, and what I have decided (with your ladyship's leave) on doing next."

He then went into the matter of the smear on the paint, and stated the conclusions he drew from it—just as he had stated them (only with greater respect of language) to Superintendent Seegrave. "One thing," he said, in conclusion, "is certain. The Diamond is missing out of the drawer in the cabinet. Another thing is next to certain. The marks from the smear on the door must be on some article of dress belonging to somebody in this house. We must discover that article of dress before we go a step further."

"And that discovery," remarked my mistress, "implies, I presume, the discovery of the thief?"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon—I don't say the Diamond is stolen. I only say, at present, that the Diamond is missing. The discovery of the stained dress may lead the way to finding it."

Her ladyship looked at me. "Do you understand this?" she said.

"Sergeant Cuff understands it, my lady," I answered.

"How do you propose to discover the stained dress?" inquired my mistress, addressing herself once more to the Sergeant. "My good servants, who have been with me for years, have, I am ashamed to say, had their boxes and rooms searched already by the other officer. I can't and won't permit them to be insulted in that way a second time!"

(There was a mistress to serve! There was a woman in ten thousand, if you like!)

"That is the very point I was about to put to your ladyship," said the Sergeant. "The other officer has done a world of harm to this inquiry by letting the servants see that he suspected them. If I give them cause to think themselves suspected a second time, there's no knowing what obstacles they may not throw in my way—the women especially. At the same time, their boxes *must* be searched again—for this plain reason, that the first investigation only looked for the Diamond, and that the second investigation must look for the stained dress. I quite agree with you, my lady, that the servants' feelings ought to be consulted. But I am equally clear that the servants' wardrobes ought to be searched."

This looked very like a dead lock. My lady said so, in choicer language than mine.

"I have got a plan to meet the difficulty," said Sergeant Cuff, "if your ladyship will consent to it. I propose explaining the case to the servants."

"The women will think themselves suspected directly," I said, interrupting him.

"The women won't, Mr. Betteredge," answered the Sergeant, "if I can tell them I am going to examine the wardrobes of *every body*—from her ladyship downward—who slept in the house on Wednesday night. It's a mere formality," he added, with a side look at my mistress; "but the servants will accept it as even dealing between them and their betters; and, instead of hindering the investigation, they will make a point of honor of assisting it."

I saw the truth of that. My lady, after her first surprise was over, saw the truth of it also.

"You are certain the investigation is necessary?" she said.

"It's the shortest way that I can see, my lady, to the end we have in view."

My mistress rose to ring the bell for her maid. "You shall speak to the servants," she said, "with the keys of my wardrobe in your hand."

Sergeant Cuff stopped her by a very unexpected question.

"Hadn't we better make sure first," he asked, "that the other ladies and gentlemen in the house will consent, too?"

"The only other lady in the house is Miss Verinder," answered my mistress, with a look of surprise. "The only gentlemen are my nephews, Mr. Blake and Mr. Ablewhite. There is not the least fear of a refusal from any of the three."

I reminded my lady here that Mr. Godfrey was going away. As I said the words Mr. Godfrey himself knocked at the door to say good-by, and was followed in by Mr. Franklin, who was going with him to the station. My lady explained the difficulty. Mr. Godfrey settled it directly. He called to Samuel, through the window, to take his portmanteau up stairs again, and he then put the key himself into Sergeant Cuff's hand. "My luggage can follow me to London," he said, "when the inquiry is over." The Sergeant received the key with a becoming apology. "I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience, Sir, for a mere formality; but the example of their betters will do wonders in reconciling the servants to this inquiry." Mr. Godfrey, after taking leave of my lady, in a most sympathizing manner, left a farewell message for Miss Rachel, the terms of which made it clear to my mind that he had not taken No for an answer, and that he meant to put the marriage question to her once more, at the next opportunity. Mr. Franklin, on following his cousin out, informed the Sergeant that all his clothes were open to examination, and that nothing he possessed was kept under lock and key. Sergeant Cuff made his best acknowledgments. His views, you will observe, had been met with the utmost readiness by my lady, by Mr. Godfrey, and by Mr. Franklin. There was only Miss Rachel now waiting to follow their lead, before we called the servants together, and began the search for the stained dress.

My lady's unaccountable objection to the Sergeant seemed to make our conference more distasteful to her than ever, as soon as we were left alone again. "If I send you down Miss Verinder's keys," she said to him, "I presume I shall have done all you want of me for the present."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said Sergeant Cuff. "Before we begin, I should like, if convenient, to have the washing-book. The stained article of dress may be an article of linen. If the search leads to nothing, I want to be able to account next for all the linen in the house, and for all the linen sent to wash. If there is an article missing, there will be at least a presumption that it has got the paint-stain on it, and that it has been purposely made away with, yesterday or to-day, by the person owning it. Superintendent Seegrave," added the Sergeant, turning to me, "pointed the attention of the women-servants to the smear, when they all crowded into the room on Thursday morning. That *may* turn out, Mr. Betteredge, to have been one more of Superintendent Seegrave's many mistakes."

My lady desired me to ring the bell and order the washing-book. She remained with us until it was produced, in case Sergeant Cuff had any further request to make of her after looking at it.

The washing-book was brought in by Rosanna Spearman. The girl had come down to breakfast that morning miserably pale and haggard, but sufficiently recovered from her illness of the previous day to do her usual work. Sergeant Cuff looked attentively at our second house-maid—at her face, when she came in; at her crooked shoulder, when she went out.

"Have you any thing more to say to me?" asked my lady, still as eager as ever to be out of the Sergeant's society.

The great Cuff opened the washing-book, understood it perfectly in half a minute, and shut it up again. "I venture to trouble your ladyship with one last question," he said. "Has the young woman who brought us this book been in your employment as long as the other servants?"

"Why do you ask?" said my lady.

"The last time I saw her," answered the Sergeant, "she was in prison for theft."

After that there was no help for it but to tell him the truth. My mistress dwelt strongly on Rosanna's good conduct in her service, and on the high opinion entertained of her by the matron at the Reformatory. "You don't suspect her, I hope?" my lady added, in conclusion, very earnestly.

"I have already told your ladyship that I don't suspect any person in the house of thieving, up to the present time."

After that answer, my lady rose to go up stairs, and ask for Miss Rachel's keys. The Sergeant was beforehand with me in opening the door for her. He made a very low bow. My lady shuddered as she passed him.

We waited, and waited, and no keys appeared. Sergeant Cuff made no remark to me. He turned his melancholy face to the window; he put his lanky hands into his pockets, and he whistled The Last Rose of Summer drearily to himself.

At last Samuel came in, not with the keys, but with a morsel of paper for me. I got at my spectacles, with some fumbling and difficulty, feeling the Sergeant's dismal eyes fixed on me all the time. There were two or three lines on the paper, written in pencil by my lady. They informed me that Miss Rachel flatly refused to have her wardrobe examined. Asked for her reasons, she had burst out crying. Asked again, she had said: "I won't, because I won't. I must yield to force if you use it, but I will yield to nothing else." I understood my lady's disinclination to face Sergeant Cuff with such an answer from her daughter as that. If I had not been too old for the amiable weaknesses of youth, I believe I should have blushed at the notion of facing him myself.

"Any news of Miss Verinder's keys?" asked the Sergeant.

"My young lady refuses to have her wardrobe examined."

"Ah!" said the Sergeant.

His voice was not quite in such a perfect state of discipline as his face. When he said "Ah!" he said it in the tone of a man who had heard something which he expected to hear. He half-angered and half-frightened me—why, I couldn't tell, but he did it.

"Must the search be given up?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "the search must be given up, because your young lady refuses to submit to it like the rest. We must examine all the wardrobes in the house or none. Send Mr. Ablewhite's portmanteau to London by the next train, and return the washing-book, with my compliments and thanks, to the young woman who brought it in."

He laid the washing-book on the table, and, taking out his penknife, began to trim his nails.

"You don't seem to be much disappointed," I said.

"No," said Sergeant Cuff; "I'm not much disappointed."

I tried to make him explain himself.

"Why should Miss Rachel put an obstacle in your way?" I inquired. "Isn't it her interest to help you?"

"Wait a little, Mr. Betteredge—wait a little."

Cleverer heads than mine might have seen his drift. Or a person less fond of Miss Rachel than I was might have seen his drift. My lady's horror of him might (as I have since thought) have meant that *she* saw his drift (as the Scripture says) "in a glass darkly." I didn't see it yet—that's all I know.

"What's to be done next?" I asked.

Sergeant Cuff finished the nail on which he was then at work, looked at it for a moment with a melancholy interest, and put up his penknife.

"Come out into the garden," he said, "and let's have a look at the roses."

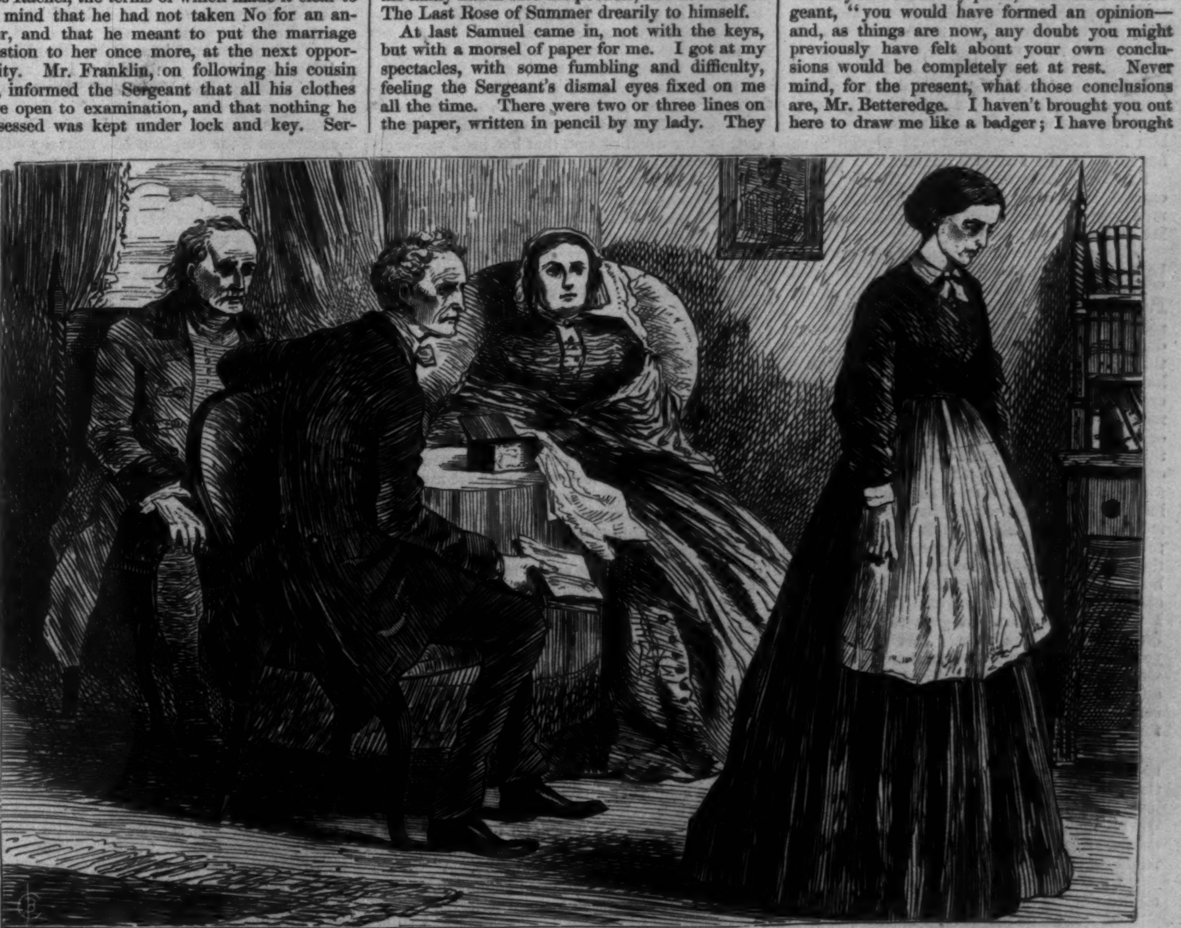
CHAPTER XIV.

THE nearest way to the garden, on going out of my lady's sitting-room, was by the shrubbery path, which you already know of. For the sake of your better understanding of what is now to come, I may add to this, that the shrubbery path was Mr. Franklin's favorite walk. When he was out in the grounds, and when we failed to find him any where else, we generally found him here.

I am afraid I must own that I am rather an obstinate old man. The more firmly Sergeant Cuff kept his thoughts shut up from me the more firmly I persisted in trying to look in at them. As we turned into the shrubbery path I attempted to circumvent him in another way.

"As things are now," I said, "if I was in your place I should be at my wit's end."

"If you were in my place," answered the Sergeant, "you would have formed an opinion—and, as things are now, any doubt you might previously have felt about your own conclusions would be completely set at rest. Never mind, for the present, what those conclusions are, Mr. Betteredge. I haven't brought you out here to draw me like a badger; I have brought



"SERGEANT CUFF LOOKED ATTENTIVELY AT OUR SECOND HOUSE-MAID—AT HER FACE, WHEN SHE CAME IN; AT HER CROOKED SHOULDER, WHEN SHE WENT OUT."

you out here to ask for some information. You might have given it to me, no doubt, in the house, instead of out of it. But doors and listeners have a knack of getting together, and, in my line of life, we sometimes cultivate a healthy taste for the open air."

Who was to circumvent *this* man? I gave in—and waited as patiently as I could to hear what was coming next.

"We won't enter into your young lady's motives," the Sergeant went on; "we will only say it's a pity she declines to assist me, because, by so doing, she makes this investigation more difficult than it might otherwise have been. We must now try to solve the mystery of the smear on the door—which, you may take my word for it, means the mystery of the Diamond also—in some other way. I have decided to see the servants, and to search their thoughts and actions, Mr. Betteredge, instead of searching their wardrobes. Before I begin, however, I want to ask you a question or two. You are an observant man—did you notice any thing strange in any of the servants (making due allowance, of course, for fright and fluster) after the loss of the Diamond was found out? Any particular quarrel among them? Any one of them not in his or her usual spirits? Unexpectedly out of temper, for instance? or unexpectedly taken ill?"

I had just time to think of Rosanna Spearman's sudden illness at yesterday's dinner—but not time to make any answer—when I saw Sergeant Cuff's eyes suddenly turn aside toward the shrubbery; and I heard him say softly to himself, "Hullo!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"A touch of the rheumatics in my back," said the Sergeant, in a loud voice, as if he wanted some third person to hear us. "We shall have a change in the weather before long."

A few steps further brought us to the corner of the house. Turning off sharp to the right, we entered on the terrace, and went down, by the steps in the middle, into the garden below. Sergeant Cuff stopped there, in the open space, where we could see round us on every side.

"About that young person, Rosanna Spearman?" he said. "It isn't very likely, with her personal appearance, that she has got a lover. But, for the girl's own sake, I must ask you at once whether *she* has provided herself with a sweet-heart, poor wretch, like the rest of them?"

What on earth did he mean, under present circumstances, by putting such a question to me as that? I stared at him instead of answering him.

"I saw Rosanna Spearman hiding in the shrubbery as we went by," said the Sergeant.

"When you said 'Hullo?'"

"Yes—when I said, 'Hullo.' If there's a sweet-heart in the case, the hiding doesn't much matter. If there isn't—as things are in this house—the hiding is a highly suspicious circumstance, and it will be my painful duty to act on it accordingly."

What, in God's name, was I to say to him? I knew the shrubbery was Mr. Franklin's favorite walk; I knew he would most likely turn that way when he came back from the station; I knew that Penelope had over and over again caught her fellow-servant hanging about there, and had always declared to me that Rosanna's object was to attract Mr. Franklin's attention. If my daughter was right, she might well have been laying in wait for Mr. Franklin's return when the Sergeant noticed her. I was put between the two difficulties of mentioning Penelope's fanciful notion as if it was mine, or of leaving an unfortunate creature to suffer the consequences, the very serious consequences, of exciting the suspicion of Sergeant Cuff. Out of pure pity for the girl—on my soul and my character, out of pure pity for the girl—I gave the Sergeant the necessary explanations, and told him that Rosanna had been mad enough to set her heart on Mr. Franklin Blake.

Sergeant Cuff never laughed. On the few occasions when any thing amused him he curled up a little at the corners of the lips, nothing more. He curled up now.

"Hadn't you better say she's mad enough to be an ugly girl and only a servant?" he asked. "The falling in love with a gentleman of Mr. Franklin Blake's manners and appearance doesn't seem to *me* to be the maddest part of her conduct by any means. However, I'm glad the thing is cleared up: it relieves one's mind to have things cleared up. Yes, I'll keep it a secret, Mr. Betteredge. I like to be tender to human infirmity—though I don't get many chances of exercising that virtue in my line of life. You think Mr. Franklin Blake hasn't got a suspicion of the girl's fancy for him? Ah! he would have found it out fast enough if she had been nice-looking. The ugly women have a bad time of it in this world; let's hope it will be made up to them in another. You have got a nice garden there, and a well-kept lawn. See for yourself how much better the flowers look with grass about them instead of gravel. No, thank you. I won't take a rose. It goes to my heart to break them off the stem. Just as it goes to your heart, you know, when there's something wrong in the servants' hall. Did you notice any thing you couldn't account for in any of the servants when the loss of the Diamond was first found out?"

I had got on very fairly well with Sergeant Cuff so far. But the slyness with which he slipped in that last question put me on my guard. In plain English, I didn't at all relish the notion of helping his inquiries, when those inquiries took him (in the capacity of snake in the grass) among my fellow-servants.

"I noticed nothing," I said, "except that we all lost our heads together, myself included."

"Oh," says the Sergeant, "that's all you have to tell me, is it?"

I answered, with (as I flattered myself) an unmoved countenance, "That is all."

Sergeant Cuff's dismal eyes looked me hard in the face.

"Mr. Betteredge," he said, "have you any objection to oblige me by shaking hands? I have taken an extraordinary liking to you."

(Why he should have chosen the exact moment when I was deceiving him to give me that proof of his good opinion is beyond all comprehension! I felt a little proud—I really did feel a little proud of having been one too many at last for the celebrated Cuff!)

We went back to the house; the Sergeant requesting that I would give him a room to himself, and then send in the servants (the indoor servants only), one after another, in the order of their rank, from first to last.

I showed Sergeant Cuff into my own room, and then called the servants together in the hall. Rosanna Spearman appeared among them, much as usual. She was as quick in her way as the Sergeant in his, and I suspect she had heard what he said to me about the servants in general, just before he discovered her. There she was, at any rate, looking as if she had never heard of such a place as the shrubbery in her life.

I sent them in, one by one, as desired. The cook was the first to enter the Court of Justice, otherwise my room. She remained but a short time. Report, on coming out: "Sergeant Cuff is depressed in his spirits; but Sergeant Cuff is a perfect gentleman." My lady's own maid followed. Remained much longer. Report, on coming out: "If Sergeant Cuff doesn't believe a respectable woman, he might keep his opinion to himself, at any rate!" Penelope went next. Remained only a moment or two. Report, on coming out: "Sergeant Cuff is much to be pitied. He must have been crossed in love, father, when he was a young man." The first house-maid followed Penelope. Remained like my lady's maid, a long time. Report, on coming out: "I didn't enter her ladyship's service, Mr. Betteredge, to be doubted to my face by a low police-officer!" Rosanna Spearman went next. Remained longer than any of them. No report on coming out—dead silence, and lips as pale as ashes. Samuel, the footman, followed Rosanna. Remained a minute or two. Report, on coming out: "Whoever blacks Sergeant Cuff's boots ought to be ashamed of himself." Nancy, the kitchen-maid, went last. Remained a minute or two. Report, on coming out: "Sergeant Cuff has a heart; *he* doesn't cut jokes, Mr. Betteredge, with a poor hard-working girl."

Going into the Court of Justice, when it was all over, to hear if there were any further commands for me, I found the Sergeant at his old trick—looking out of the window and whistling The Last Rose of Summer to himself.

"Any discoveries, Sir?" I inquired.

"If Rosanna Spearman asks leave to go out," said the Sergeant, "let the poor thing go; but let me know first."

I might as well have held my tongue about Rosanna and Mr. Franklin! It was plain enough; the unfortunate girl had fallen under Sergeant Cuff's suspicions, in spite of all I could do to prevent it.

"I hope you don't think Rosanna is concerned in the loss of the Diamond?" I ventured to say.

The corners of the Sergeant's melancholy mouth curled up, and he looked hard in my face; just as he had looked in the garden.

"I think I had better not tell you, Mr. Betteredge," he said. "You might lose your head, you know, for the second time."

I began to doubt whether I had been one too many for the celebrated Cuff, after all! It was rather a relief to me that we were interrupted here by a knock at the door and a message from the cook. Rosanna Spearman *had* asked to go out, for the usual reason, that her head was bad, and she wanted a breath of fresh air. At a sign from the Sergeant, I said, Yes. "Which is the servants' way out?" he asked, when the messenger had gone. I showed him the servants' way out. "Lock the door of your room," says the Sergeant; "and if any body asks for me, say I'm in there, composing my mind." He curled up again at the corners of the lips, and disappeared.

Left alone, under those circumstances, a devouring curiosity pushed me on to make some discoveries for myself.

It was plain that Sergeant Cuff's suspicions of Rosanna had been roused by something that he had found out at his examination of the servants in my room. Now, the only two servants (excepting Rosanna herself) who had remained under examination for any length of time were my lady's own maid and the first house-maid, those two being also the women who had taken the lead in persecuting their unfortunate fellow-servant from the first. Reaching these conclusions, I looked in on them, casually as it might be, in the servants' hall, and, finding tea going forward, instantly invited myself to that meal. (For, *nota bene*, a drop of tea is, to a woman's tongue, what a drop of oil is to a wasting lamp.)

My reliance on the tea-pot as an ally did not go unrewarded. In less than half an hour I knew as much as the Sergeant himself.

My lady's maid and the house-maid had, it appears, neither of them believed in Rosanna's illness of the previous day. These two devils—I ask your pardon; but how else *can* you describe a couple of spiteful women?—had stolen up stairs, at intervals during the Thursday afternoon; had tried Rosanna's door, and found it locked; had knocked, and not been answered; had listened, and not heard a sound inside. When the girl had come down to tea, and had been sent up, still out of sorts, to bed again, the two devils aforesaid had tried her door once more, and found it locked; had looked at the keyhole, and found it stopped up; had seen a light under the door at midnight, and had heard the crackling of a fire (a fire in a servant's bedroom in the month of June!) at four in the morning. All this they had told Sergeant Cuff, who, in return for their anxiety to enlighten him, had eyed them with sour and suspicious looks, and had shown them plainly that he didn't believe either one or the other. Hence the unfavorable reports of him which these two women had brought out with them from the examination. Hence, also (without reckoning the influence of the tea-pot), their readiness to let their tongues run to any length on the subject of the Sergeant's ungracious behavior to them.

Having had some experience of the great Cuff's roundabout ways, and having last seen him evidently bent on following Rosanna privately when she went out for her walk, it seemed clear to me that he had thought it unadvisable to let the lady's maid and the house-maid know how materially they had helped him. They were just the sort of women, if he had treated their evidence as trust-worthy, to have been puffed up by it, and to have said or done something which would have put Rosanna Spearman on her guard.

I walked out in the fine summer evening, very sorry for the poor girl, and very uneasy in my mind, generally, at the turn things had taken. Drifting toward the shrubbery, there I met Mr. Franklin in his favorite walk. He had been back some time from the station, and had been with my lady, holding a long conversation with her. She had told him of Miss Rachel's unaccountable refusal to let her wardrobe be examined, and had put him in such low spirits about my young lady that he seemed to shrink from speaking on the subject. The family temper appeared in his face that evening for the first time in my experience of him.

"Well, Betteredge," he said, "how does the atmosphere of mystery and suspicion in which we are all living now agree with you? Do you remember that morning when I first came here with the Moonstone? I wish to God we had thrown it into the quicksand!"

After breaking out in that way, he abstained from speaking again until he had composed himself. We walked silently, side by side, for a minute or two, and then he asked me what had become of Sergeant Cuff. It was impossible to put Mr. Franklin off with the excuse of the Sergeant being in my room, composing his mind. I told him exactly what had happened, mentioning particularly what my lady's maid and the house-maid had said about Rosanna Spearman.

Mr. Franklin's clear head saw the turn the Sergeant's suspicions had taken, in the twinkling of an eye.

"Didn't you tell me this morning," he said, "that one of the tradespeople declared he had met Rosanna yesterday, on the foot-way to Frizinghall, when we supposed her to be ill in her room?"

"Yes, Sir."

"If my aunt's maid and the other woman have spoken the truth, you may depend upon it the tradesman *did* meet her. The girl's attack of illness was a blind to deceive us. She had some guilty reason for going to the town secretly. The paint-stained dress is a dress of hers; and the fire heard crackling in her room at four in the morning was a fire lit to destroy it. Rosanna Spearman has stolen the Diamond. I'll go in directly, and tell my aunt the turn things have taken."

"Not just yet, if you please, Sir," said a melancholy voice behind us.

We both turned about, and found ourselves face to face with Sergeant Cuff.

"Why not just yet?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"Because, Sir, if you tell her ladyship, her ladyship will tell Miss Verinder."

"Suppose she does. What then?" Mr. Franklin said those words with a sudden heat and vehemence, as if the Sergeant had mortally offended him.

"Do you think it's wise, Sir," said Sergeant Cuff, quietly, "to put such a question as that to me—at such a time as this?"

There was a moment's silence between them: Mr. Franklin walked close up to the Sergeant. The two looked each other straight in the face. Mr. Franklin spoke first; dropping his voice as suddenly as he had raised it.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Cuff," he said, "that you are treading on delicate ground?"

"It isn't the first time, by a good many hundreds, that I find myself treading on delicate ground," answered the other just as immovable as ever.

"I am to understand that you forbid me to tell my aunt what has happened?"

"You are to understand, if you please, Sir, that I throw up the case, if you tell Lady Verinder, or tell any body, what has happened until I give you leave."

That settled it. Mr. Franklin had no choice but to submit. He turned away in anger, and left us.

I had stood there listening to them, all in a tremble; not knowing whom to suspect, or what to think next. In the midst of my confusion, two things, however, were plain to me. First, that my young lady was, in some unaccountable manner, at the bottom of the sharp speeches that had passed between them. Second, that they thoroughly understood each other without having previously exchanged a word of explanation on either side.

"Mr. Betteredge," said the Sergeant, "you have done a very foolish thing in my absence. You have done a little detective business on your own account. For the future, perhaps you will be so obliging as to do your detective business along with me."

He took me by the arm, and walked me away with him along the road by which he had come. I dare say I had deserved his reproof—but I was not going to help him to set traps for Rosanna Spearman for all that. Thief or no thief, legal or not legal, I don't care—I pitied her.

"What do you want of me?" I asked, shaking him off, and stopping short.

"Only a little information about the country round here," said the Sergeant.

I couldn't well object to improve Sergeant Cuff in his geography.

"Is there any path, in that direction, leading from the sea-beach to this house?" asked the Sergeant. He pointed, as he spoke, to the fir-plantation which led to the Shivering Sand.

"Yes," I said; "there is a path."

"Show it to me."

Side by side, in the gray of the summer evening, Sergeant Cuff and I set forth for the Shivering Sand.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

[FROM PUNCH.]

LET cynics scoff and worldlings sneer,
  And cold aristocrats condemn;
Their censure weighed not in her ear,
  Her counsel was not ta'en with them.

A wiser, womanlier thought
  Whispered within her woman's heart:
"They that my solace would have wrought,
  They in my grief shall have their part.

"The love I mourn, for whom I go
  In mourning, ever, to the end,
What England lost in him they know,
  How sure a guide, how firm a friend;

"But what the loss the wife, and Queen,
  Had in that nature, pure and sweet,
That judgment, steady and serene,
  That counsel swift all needs to meet,

"That light of joy within the home,
  That fount of peace beside the hearth,
That gravity which ne'er was gloom,
  That glee as pure as maiden's mirth—

"All this my people can not know,
  All this I only can make known,
That they may gauge the joy and woe
  I knew with him, now know alone.

"So my past life, my walks and ways,
  The wife's and mother's, not the Queen's,
My treasured tale of happier days,
  My record of love-hallowed scenes,

"I'll open to my people's eyes,
  And therein bid them take their part,
That they may weigh the weight that lies
  On my lone life and widowed heart.

"Till feeling what my joy has been
  They feel how vast my grief must be:
And, when my treasure they have seen,
  May measure what its loss to me."

What Queen like this was ever known,
  To take her people to her heart?
When was Queen's household-life so shown
  With modest truth and artless art?

The Royal Widow has done well
  Thus on her people's love to call,
Her simple, wifely tale to tell,
  And trust her joys and griefs to all.

Ne'er since VICTORIA felt the Crown
  A weight upon her girlish brow,
Have Heaven's best blessings been called down
  About her path, as they are now.

THE WILL I FOUND.

WHEN Aunt Jeffrey died we looked very anxiously for a will, but in vain.

Uncle Jeffrey had been a childless widowe when he married her, and she had then one son, John Atkins, to remember her first husband by.

John Atkins and I were pretty good friends for a while, but when my uncle died and left all his property to his wife I did not like it.

Not that I needed it—not by any means, for my sister Marion and I had been very handsomely provided for by our own father—but then what right had Uncle Jeffrey to forget us in that manner? He ought at least to have made some mention of his wife's niece, Annie Atkins; but he did not, although I always believed that she had jilted me more to oblige him than any thing else.

When, therefore, Aunt Jeffrey died without a will, John Atkins became her sole heir, and entered upon the property with as much coolness and in as matter-of-course a way as if it really of right belonged to him, and from that day forth I took a dislike to him.

I never said as much to him, and he kept on visiting at our house just the same; but I made my grandmother Spooner, who kept house for me then, invite Annie Atkins to come and live with her, just to spite him; and then it vexed me that he took that also as a matter of course and didn't seem to care. He even went so far as to say that it was the correct thing under the circumstances, and that grandmother Spooner was the only person remaining in the family who could properly take charge of its young lady members.

Marion even sided with him in that; but then she was excessively fond of Annie, and was ever so much taken with the idea of having her in the house.

I had known a great deal of Aunt Jeffrey's ways, however, for I had always been her favorite, and I made up my mind that she never di allow herself to die without making some kind of a will. And if she had made a will, I was sure that Annie, and Marion, and myself would all be handsomely remembered. Not that I care on my account, but there really was no sense or justice in all the old Jeffrey and Spooner property going to John Atkins without so much as the stroke of a pen.

The matter troubled me, and I fairly dreamed about it, wondering where on earth that will could have been deposited.

Sometimes I thought that John Atkins knew something about it, and when he sat by the library fire talking with Marion, or stood by Annie at the piano, I would watch his face for the lines that indicate craft and secretiveness. He certainly had some of them, and his mother had before him. She had been odd in some respects, and my knowledge of her taste for queer, out-of-the-way hiding-places, and all that sort of thing, furnished me with food for more than a little meditation.

Another of her tastes had led her to the collection of a huge stock of antiquated and singular-looking furniture. In the course of time she had made her house quite a curiosity-shop. And here it was that my first available idea struck me. I said nothing about it to Marion, and I was a good deal puzzled how to do any thing with it, but time furnished me with the opportunity. I had called to mind that, for as long as I could remember, an immense old-fashioned chest-of-drawers—what she called a "secretary"—had stood in Aunt Jeffrey's dressing-room, and had been the receptacle of all the heterogeneous collection of minor nick-nacks. I would never have dreamed of trying to get it of John Atkins; indeed I was afraid of arousing his suspicions by mentioning the matter ever so guardedly, but I fully made up my mind that that old *omnium-gatherum* had a story of its own to tell.

At last, however, as I was saying, the thing was done for me, and by John Atkins himself. He announced, some months after his mother's death, that he was going to sell out all the old rattle-traps at auction, and put in some new furniture. Annie and Marion heartily approved of the idea, but I very wisely said nothing.

When the day of the sale came I managed to have a telegram sent to him that kept him away for several hours on a regular wild-goose chase, and by the time he got back every thing was done and completed.

Of course I purchased the old "secretary," though not without a sharp competition with one or two musty individuals who were on the look-out for just such Noah's relics as that was, and as soon as ever it was fairly mine I had it carted off home without a moment's delay.

It was very well that I did so, for the moment John Atkins came back and found that the auctioneer had included that particular piece of work in the list of sales he began to make a most unreasonable fuss about it, solemnly averring that he had had no intention of selling an article which had been so great a favorite with his dear departed mother. That, of course, did not diminish my satisfaction with my purchase; but when he found out who had it, and came to speak to me about it, I told him that I had had the very same idea, and had bid it in out of regard for Aunt Jeffrey. He offered me my money back, but I very quietly refused, telling him, in a half-sarcastic way, that it would not look well among his elegant new furniture, and that I really wanted to have something from the old Jeffrey estate.

That silenced him, for he knew very well that I was not altogether pleased with the manner in which he had received his inheritance.

Annie and Marion both told me that I ought to let him have it back again; but I chuckled to myself and told them that perhaps I would some day.

I had the old "secretary," with a good deal of trouble, carried into the library, and it gave me no end of inward satisfaction when I saw John Atkins's eyes wandering to it that evening. I half believed that he suspected my motive in the purchase, and I knew that, if so, he could not have made a prior examination, or he would not have cared.

I overheard him saying to Marion, in the hall, "I wish you would persuade your brother to let me have that old affair back again."

"Oh," said Marion, "you know how crotchety he is. It won't be long before he is tired of it, and then you may find it set down before your door any morning, but it won't be of any use to argue with him now."

I thought of what "that old affair" might contain for her benefit, and laughed to myself over her opinion of her crotchety brother. But even Annie came to bother me about it, and I really did not like to be rude to her, so I put on an air of mystery, and told her I had some very singular ideas connected with that piece of furniture; I was quite superstitious about it. Annie did not have much to say to me in those days. I used to think that her conscience troubled her, as well it might, about the manner in which she had treated me before Aunt Jeffrey's death.

Why, she even cut my correspondence while I was in Europe, allowing my letters to go unanswered for a whole year; and when I came home, soured and crusty, she never vouchsafed to me a breath of explanation. Marion tried to patch the matter up, but I would not hear a word after what had happened; a man is a fool who allows a woman to snub him in that way. Still, as she was a sort of a relation, poor, too, and under Grandmother Spooner's protection, I could not be otherwise than civil to her, only I was determined to have my way about Aunt Jeffrey's old furniture in spite of all the young women, or old ones either, in the house.

John Atkins made a more than usually long call that night, and seemed to have something on his mind, and after he left I could see clearly that I was, for the occasion, out of favor with the young ladies for my churlish refusal to comply with their notions. I did not care much for that, however, but hugged my own idea and wished them both safe in bed.

I had been reading an old story of Poe's, in which he describes the method used by the French police in searching for secret drawers and other hidden receptacles, and I was determined to take my time to it and make as sure of my business as his friend Dupin, or Vidocq himself, could have done.

A whole ring-full of keys, of different sizes, had been delivered with the "secretary," and I had provided myself with an accurate rule, a small chisel, and a gimlet. I knew very well that the chest of drawers contained just so much space, and no more, and that all I need do was to make sure that *all* of that space was *accounted for*. Any space which the several drawers, cupboards, etc., did *not* account for would at once furnish me with a chance for more accurate investigation.

It was late when the girls retired, but I determined to commence operations that night.

I sat there for a little while looking curiously at my ancient-looking purchase, and studying its peculiarities, for it was peculiar.

It was fairly enormous in size, built of solid mahogany, now dark with age, and finished and ornamented with queer devices in brass. It was so heavy that the united strength of half a dozen men had barely sufficed to put it in its present position. It stood on four great lion-claws, each of which contained a massive castor or roller.

There was a low cupboard at the bottom, with double doors. Then came a couple of not very deep drawers, and then a sort of carved front, fully two feet in height, that let down, on being unlocked, like the leaf of a table, disclosing a multiplicity of little drawers and pigeon-holes. I had seen Aunt Jeffrey open it more than once, and I knew very well that she had been in the habit of keeping her papers there.

As I sat and studied my proposed "job," the idea of its probable success grew rapidly upon me, and at last I pitched my cigar into the grate, and set to work with as much of science as my reading had supplied me with. First, I took an accurate external measurement of the whole affair, making careful minutes of the dimensions. There was no mirror on top, only a high, carved scroll of mahogany.

I began, systematically, with the cupboard at the bottom, and after some trouble in finding the key I threw it open. The shelves were thin, and after a good hour spent in prying, measuring, and sounding, I made up my mind that *that* part of the old "secretary" at least was honest and just what it appeared to be.

I never enjoyed any thing more in my life than I did that search, and was not at all disappointed with my want of immediate success. In fact, I found so much pleasure in the business that I made up my mind to prolong it, and have at least one more evening of just such fun. Nine-tenths of all our real pleasure is more in expectation and endeavor than in actual attainment or possession.

So I went to bed that night to dream of all sorts of absurd and impossible discoveries in the musty recesses of Aunt Jeffrey's mahogany monster.

The next day I had the servants polish up the brass-work, and rub the whole thing till it shone as it had done under the old lady's care. When evening came John Atkins made his appearance, as usual, and I tried to be uncommonly gracious to him, but he carefully abstained from any allusion to the "secretary," though I could see that he noticed its improved appearance. I believe he thought I had done all that to aggravate him, but if so he was mistaken.

He and Marion seemed disposed to let me alone that evening, and took themselves off to the parlor for some music, though I must say that they were a pair of most wretched performers.

Marion was even gruff enough to bid John good-night and show him out, and then go off up stairs to her own room without coming in to see us again, leaving me and Annie by ourselves, for Grandmother Spooner, like a sensible old person, went to bed early. I did not mind that, for Annie was good company, but I got tired, after a while, of waiting for her to go, and took it into my head to amuse myself by telling her all sorts of stories about secret drawers, lost wills, and so forth, until, at last, I fairly let the cat out of the bag, in a manner, by suggesting the possibility of such a thing in the old secretary, and proposing a search. Of course, I did it in an off-hand way, as a good piece of fun, and Annie merrily assented. She opened her eyes a little, however, when she came to see my preparations, though she said nothing, and joined me with a very fair show of interest in the work.

I began with the two middle drawers, but it did not take a great while to prove that there was nothing wonderful there. A few old rags and some papers of very dry herbs were all that rewarded that part of our search.

Then we came to the "let down" part of the concern, and here I was infinitely more particular—so much so that Annie became weary of it, declaring that she was satisfied, and gave the matter up. She went and sat down by the fire, however, and watched me, sleepily, as I went on. I stuck to it, however, measuring and peering and prying, until I thought I had fairly ransacked every nook and cranny, but all to no purpose. Truth to tell I was about to give up in despair when an idea struck me. In the centre, between the rows of pigeon-holes, were two upright tiers of little drawers, each with its own useless little old-fashioned lock. They all were empty; but when I came to pull one of them all the way out, I found that it was only about a foot deep, while the secretary was nearly twice as much. Here was something to go ahead on, and I rapidly took out all the little drawers. Then a smart pull on the centre-piece and its attached wood-work brought that all out together, and then, "Eureka!" there was a little door, the key of which I readily found on the ring. I kept as mute as a mouse; but a side-glance informed me that Annie had gone to sleep in her chair.

I felt sure that I had now reached the object of my search, and my fingers fairly trembled as I put the feeble, clumsy little key in the lock. The door opened readily, and there were four good-sized compartments jam full of papers.

With as little noise as possible I drew them out and began to run them over. It was very easy to determine the character of most of them at a glance, and all their importance had died with poor Aunt Jeffrey.

Paper after paper flew from my nervous fingers; envelope after envelope fell on the floor. I never stopped to *untie* any of the red tape, until at last I came upon a package that looked somewhat fresher than the rest, done up in common yellow wrapping-paper. There was some writing on this, and I held it up to the light and read:

"The end of my nephew's folly."

Off came the wrapper in an instant, and a pile of letters fell into my hands. I uttered a loud and somewhat forcible exclamation, for the first upon which my eyes fell were addressed to myself in Annie's handwriting, and the remainder were addressed to her in mine—and *none of the seals were broken.*

I was gazing at them in stupid amazement, but my exclamation had startled Annie, and she again stood beside me.

"Have you found it?" said she; and then she saw what it was that I had found, and put out her hand for them, saying, in a trembling, troubled sort of voice, and turning very pale: "Oh, Tom, give them to me! You have no right to them now!"

"I'd like to know why," said I. "When I bought this old thing I bought all that was in it. But who would have thought that of Aunt Jeffrey?"

"Oh, Tom," said she again, "do give me my letters!"

"There are yours," said I; "but these others are addressed to me. Let's sit down and read them."

And so we did; for there was evidently no will among those papers.

I was satisfied with the result of my search, however; for after Marion had tried to explain to me in the morning the reason of her odd retreat on John's departure, I said to her:

"Tell John Atkins that he is mistaken about my not liking him; and you may have his mother's old secretary as a part of your wedding portion. Annie and I wouldn't have it in *our* house for any money."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recently invented "steam man" continues to excite the attention of the curious, not only in Newark, but also in far-distant places. This wonderful creature is seven feet nine inches in height, and weighs five hundred pounds. Steam is generated in his body, and by a complicated mechanism he steps along quite naturally, walks or runs as he is bid, goes in any direction, and at almost any speed, and, without the least objection, draws after him heavy burdens. This giant has been humorously christened "Daniel Lambert;" and is actually provided with human habiliments; not exactly to keep him *warm*—but to complete the likeness. Mr. Deddrick the inventor, has been besieged by calls and letters from the curious. A creature of such wonderful power, able to ascend or descend all grades, will certainly become popular, unless those are right who regard the whole thing as a hoax, and incline to make all possible fun about it. One gentleman proposed that "Daniel" be allowed "to walk to Chicago," as the sensation produced would eclipse Weston's in his pedestrian trip. Some letters received are from ladies who pretend to be in search of husbands. And one gentleman wants a lady made to order; but the inventor is doubtful whether a woman would be a success, as his creatures *do not talk*. The "first (steam) man" cost about two thousand dollars; but duplicates can probably be constructed at about one-sixth that expense. And it is also believed that horses can be made on similar principles, which will do the work of a dozen ordinary horses. Truly this is an age of wonders!

In a recent number of the *American Gaslight Journal* some simple facts are given, together with practical advice concerning the management of gas, which, if followed, might save much annoyance and useless expense. Without attempting to give even the substance of the article in a short paragraph, one or two hints may be serviceable to consumers who complain of deficient light and excessive gas bills. Light derived from gas is remarkably reduced by improperly constructed burners. The most important requisites for good burners are, that the orifices where the gas issues should be perfectly regular in shape, and of a proper size to permit it to issue with a very low pressure. And these conditions apply to every kind of burner. If the orifices are too small, a high pressure is required to expel the gas, and the light is diminished just in proportion to the increased pressure. It is a mistake to suppose that the amount of light obtained will be in proportion to the quantity of gas issuing from a burner. There is a particular point in the consumption of any class of burner where the maximum of light is derived, and any deviation from this entails loss. A five-feet bat-wing or fish-tail burner will give a maximum of light in proportion to the gas consumed, compared with any less-sized burner, and it will be found in practice the larger-sized burners are the most economical, the large sizes giving as high as 200 to 300 per cent. advantage in light as compared with the smallest sizes. Consequently, it is more economical to have one good large gaslight than several small ones. Although the ornamental effect of globes and glasses is pleasant, still they are detrimental to the diffusion of the light of gas. A clear glass globe obstructs about 12 per cent.; a clear globe engraved with flowers about 24 per cent.; a globe ground all over about 40 per cent.; an opal globe about 60 per cent. Hence is apparent the folly of using elaborately engraved and ground globes or shades where it is desirable to economize.

Almost every day accidents occur from falling or slipping upon the ice. It is generally supposed that rubber over-shoes are a safeguard against slipping. But when the ice is wet many have found rubbers to prove more treacherous than ordinary leather boots. There is a kind of rubber cloth shoe, with rough soles, which is far more protective than the ordinary make. It is light and warm without giving that unpleasant dampness to the foot which rubbers usually do. These are chiefly used by gentlemen, but are so much lighter than the "Arctic" boot that it seems strange they are not also made for ladies. The suggestion has been made that some ingenious person should invent a cheap and convenient attachment, made of rough cloth or carpeting, to be worn with boots or shoes in slippery weather. A mere sole would be sufficient, nor is it necessary that this should extend the whole length of the boot. Some simple contrivance would doubtless save many broken bones.

The ice crop this year will be an unusually good one, the weather having been very favorable. The Knickerbocker Ice Company is the largest in the business in the United States. There are between seven and eight hundred men in its employ, filling its houses in Ulster County alone. It has located houses in nearly every available place on the Hudson River, which are capable of storing not less than 492,000 tons. Over two thousand and five hundred laborers, and more than three hundred horses, are employed in storing the ice. Many other companies reap their harvest from the Hudson and Rondout Creek, making an aggregate of something like 721,000 tons of ice which is packed away for summer use. New ice-houses are in process of erection. About fifty per cent. of the ice is wasted between the storing and the delivery to customers.

A novel contrivance has been invented by a gentleman of Michigan for heating, cooling, or ventilating buildings, as may be desired. It consists of an arrangement that can be attached to any ordinary heater, the effect being to force a continuous volume of fresh air up between the hot cylinder and casing, which, becoming heated in its passage, warms an apartment of almost any size in an incredibly short time. The inventor also claims that by means of his appliance he can heat a dwelling *throughout with one-eighth the quantity of fuel that is ordinarily consumed.* When heated air is not required, the same mechanism will introduce a circulating stream of cold air, thus both cooling and ventilating the apartment.

The town of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, recently indulged itself in a grand sleigh-ride. A neighboring town got up a sleighing-party of fifty couples, and challenged Hinsdale to surpass it—number, weight, and pretty ladies being the special points to be considered. Hinsdale responded with one hundred and thirty-four couples, drawn by one hundred and fifteen horses, in sixty-nine single sleighs, seventeen double, and three four-in-hands, making a procession a mile long, headed by their brass band. The palm was also awarded to Hinsdale for the heaviest man and the prettiest woman.

How very unquiet must be the slumbers of the veritable author of "Rock me to sleep, mother"—whoever he or she may be! Some new aspirant for the glory of authorship is rising up every now and then. The latest appears to be one Edward Young, of Lexington, Georgia. At least "An Old Compositor" declares that he himself set the poem, from Young's manuscript, in 1859; and that it originally appeared in *The Southern Field and Fireside*, printed in Augusta, Georgia. Mr. Young—so states the "Old Compositor," who seems to ignore the claims of both Mr. Ball and Mrs. Akers—was a blacksmith or carriage-smith of eccentric and wayward character, but the author of some very exquisite and plaintive melodies, and a frequent contributor to the journals of the day.

The poor peasants of Finland are suffering fearfully from the famine which is now raging there. They think themselves fortunate if they can obtain loaves composed of equal portions of saw-dust, moss, and a coarse rye-flour. Many have obtained the Emperor's permission to emigrate.

There has recently been on exhibition in Boston, at Williams & Everett's, an exquisite little drawing, which at first appears to be a fine engraving. It represents the Village Rat-catcher and his dogs; and though very perfect as a work of art, it is of peculiar interest as being the *master-piece* of a poor, untaught, crippled silk-weaver, who drew and painted it with his mouth alone, unassisted, and without instruction. Incredible as this may seem there is no doubt of the fact. John Carter (for that is the artist's name) was the son of a common laborer in England. In early life he fell from a tree forty feet in height, which accident entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs, every part of the body being paralyzed excepting his head and neck. In this condition the idea occurred to him of amusing himself by drawing with his mouth; and after long-continued efforts he succeeded. His wife or sister assisted him only by filling the brush from the pallet with India ink, and placing it between his lips. He continued to twirl it rapidly round so as to bring it to a fine point for use. He first outlined or sketched his composition, and then filled in and shaded it after the manner of a line engraving. His work was performed resting upon his couch, his paper being fastened to a desk, which was placed almost perpendicularly before, and in close proximity to, his face. With his head inclined toward the right side, and with his hair pencil between his teeth, he produced by the means of the motion of his neck, assisted by his lips and tongue, the most beautifully-turned strokes, rivaling in fact the greatest proficients in the art of drawing.

An exchange publishes—for gratuitous distribution—some valuable rules, which gentlemen may find convenient for reference. Ladies are not expected to adhere to them strictly; but all others in the habit of visiting printing establishments would do well to "pocket this scrap:"

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Don't touch the poker.
5. Say nothing interesting.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the workmen.
10. Hands off the papers.
11. Eyes off the manuscript.
12. Let the "devil" alone.

The following story is good—as a *story* merely; but a little moral may be drawn from it which may be useful to Sabbath-school Superintendents and teachers:

A boy of more natural brightness than some who are better educated was asked,

"Where do you go to Sunday-school, Jimmy?"

"Why, marm, I go to Baptisses, and Methodisses, and the Presbyteriums, but I've been trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong any where, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to jine them, too, now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I get's a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gits liberries, and hymn-books, and all that: and when they have picnics I goes to every one of 'em."

"ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

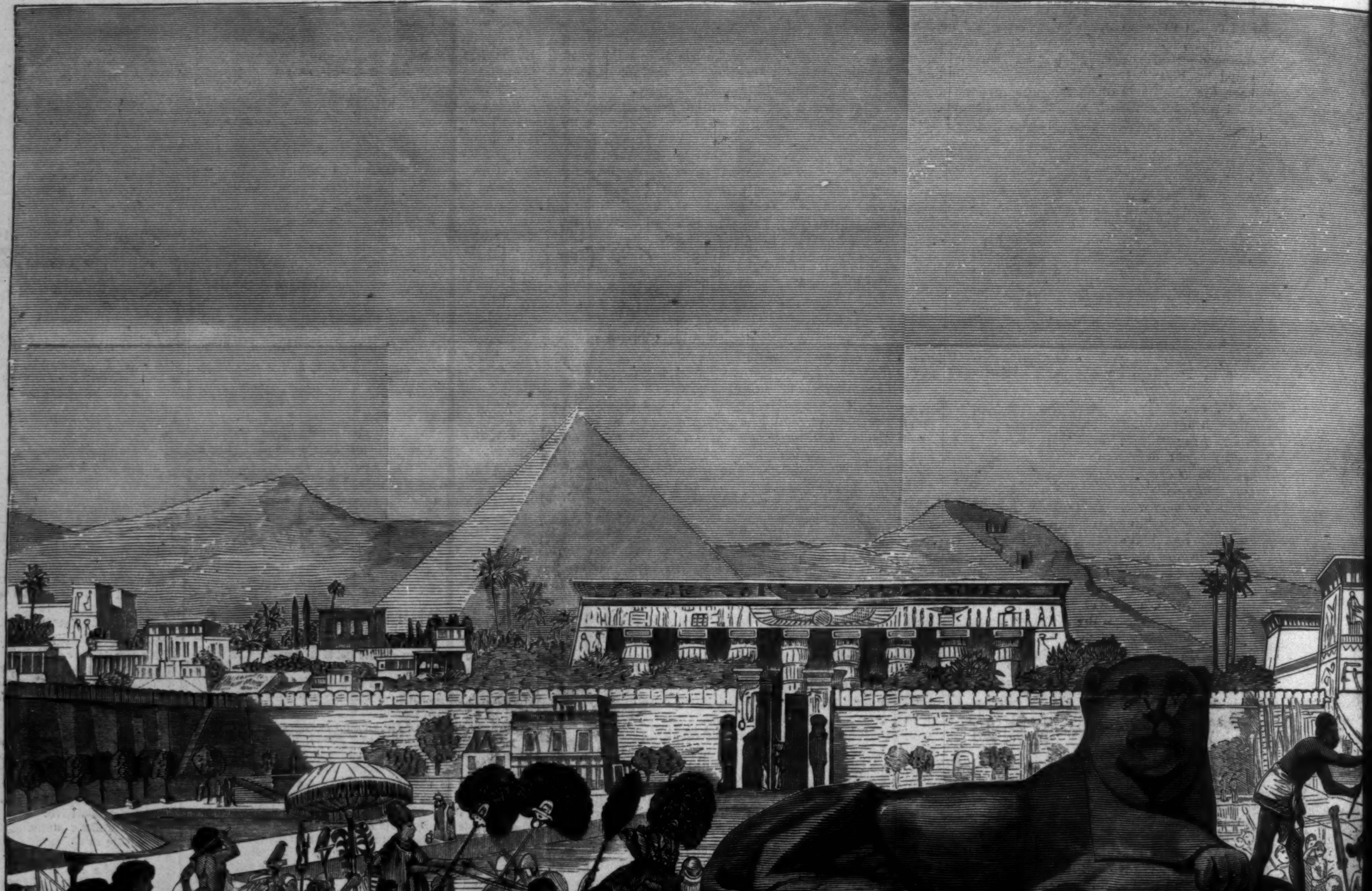
ONE of the most remarkable pictures at the last exhibition of the English Royal Academy of Arts was that of E. J. POYNTER, which we copy on this page of the *Weekly*. High praise was awarded to it, not only as a thoroughly artistic work, but as the most complete illustration hitherto afforded by any painter of a principle of modern art which opens up sources of interest unthought of by the "Old Masters." That principle is the union of archæology with art; meaning by this the representation of an historical event not conventionally, but as truthfully as possible, with the aid of the knowledge amassed by modern critical research, by travel, museums, or otherwise.

The subject chosen—one of the most interesting episodes of the Old Testament narrative—illustrates the following text:

> "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph, and he set over Israel task-masters to afflict them with burdens. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor. All their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor."—*Exodus* i. 8, 14.

The picture represents the sufferings of the Israelites under King THOTHMES III. of the eighteenth dynasty. This great king and conqueror is supposed by some writers to be the PHARAOH in whose reign the exodus took place, and who was, at all events, one of their chief oppressors. The narrative in the book of Exodus, from which the quotation above is given, informs us further that the Egyptians made the lives of the children of Israel "bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field;" and also that the Hebrews "built for PHARAOH treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." There is, therefore, abundant authority for supposing that they were condemned to the kind of labor represented in the picture—from its degrading nature the more likely to be forced on a people in a state of slavery. For the employment of men as beasts of draught in the manner represented there is likewise ample authority. Sir GARDNER WILKINSON, from whose researches alone might be adduced facts in confirmation of a very great deal that is introduced into the picture, states that the ancient Egyptians transported the vast blocks of stone and colossal statues, which they so freely used in their grandiose architecture, from the quarries to the places where they were to be set up, often in flat-bottomed boats on canals made for the purpose; but sometimes the stones and statues were drawn on sledges, perhaps some hundreds of miles, by oxen or by human labor. There are extant ancient Egyptian paintings depicting the last mode of transport. One of these illustrates a manner of conveying colossal figures very similar to that conceived by Mr. POYNTER. The figure, in this instance, is a seated, human-shaped colossus. "One hundred and seventy-two men, in four rows of forty-three each, pull the ropes attached to the front of the sledge; and a liquid, probably

grease, is poured from a vase by a person stan
on the pedestal of the statue, in order to facilitat
progress as it slides over the ground, which was p
ably covered by a bed of planks, though they are
indicated in the painting. Some of the persons
ployed in this laborious duty appear to be Egyptia
the others are foreign slaves, who are clad in the
tume of their country. Below are persons carry
vases of the liquid, or perhaps water, for the use
the workmen, and some implements connected w
the transport of the statue, followed by task-mast
with their wands of office. On the knee of the fig
stands a man who claps his hands to the measu
cadence of a song to mark the time and insure th
simultaneous draught. The statue was bound to
sledge by ropes, which were tightened by means
pegs inserted between them and twisted round u
completely braced; and to prevent injury from
friction of the ropes upon the stone, a compress
leather or other substance was introduced at the p



ISRAEL IN EGY

RAOH, or lady of rank, also accompanies the procession in a palanquin borne on the shoulders of four servants. She holds on her knees a little boy, and—by a happily-conceived touch of nature which seems to bring the strange, far-off scene down almost to our own day—she is represented as laughing delightedly at his precocious flourishing of a toy-whip over the shoulders of one of the servants in imitation of the cruelty of the task-masters. Toward the right of the picture is a cart or truck, drawn by three men, which is laden with spare cables, levers, and other implements that might be required in the event of a break-down on the road. Perched on the top of the coils is a boy of brutal visage (suggestively enough) putting a new lash to his whip. By-the-way, in the Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum, which represent the removal of the colossal bulls, carts of this kind holding coils of rope are shown. Hebrew women carrying watering-pots on their heads accompany the toiling slaves. One of them is giving drink to a fainting wretch who has fallen out from his gang, while a task-master stoops over him to see whether more work can be forced out of him. In the corner to the right is a group of women dancing and playing on musical instruments, celebrating with songs and cymbals the arrival of the lion; and among them is a negro buffoon jeering at the Israelites, and dancing with mocking antics. The paved road takes a curve to the propylon of the temple, and under the lofty portal may be seen another lion which has almost arrived at its destination. Between the immediate fore-ground and the straight wall that forms the inclosure of another temple are two tanks, separated by a causeway; these are the sacred lakes across which the funeral processions were ferried, as symbolizing the passage of the dead from this world to the next. Over the wall just mentioned rises, in the middle distance to the left, the town, with its palaces, its villas, its terraced gardens; and the view beyond is bounded, as already intimated incidentally, by a pyramid and such arid, tomb-pierced rocks as border the Nile through so much of its vast length. We have only to add, by way of description, that fidelity to local color appears as conspicuously in the general effect incident to the climate as in the countless details of the picture. The too literally blinding, ophthalmia-engendering sunlight of Egypt is indicated by the calcined aspect of almost every thing on which falls the glaring rays, and by the sharp definition of the dark-cast shadows, a notable instance occurring in the shadow projected from the obelisk on to the sloping face of the propylon tower.

This picture—at once a monument of research, a triumph of invention, an example of intelligent composition of complex materials, and an achievement of artistic knowledge and skill, must be regarded as one of the most remarkable works of art of our time.

To verify the laborious accuracy with which this picture has been wrought out, one needs but to refer for character to WILKINSON'S "Ancient Egyptians," with its 500 illustrations from monuments; and for scenery, unchanged for centuries, to BARTLETT'S "Nile Notes," CURTIS'S "Howadji," and PRIME'S "Boat Life."

MY NEIGHBOR NELLY.

By MISS THACKERAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

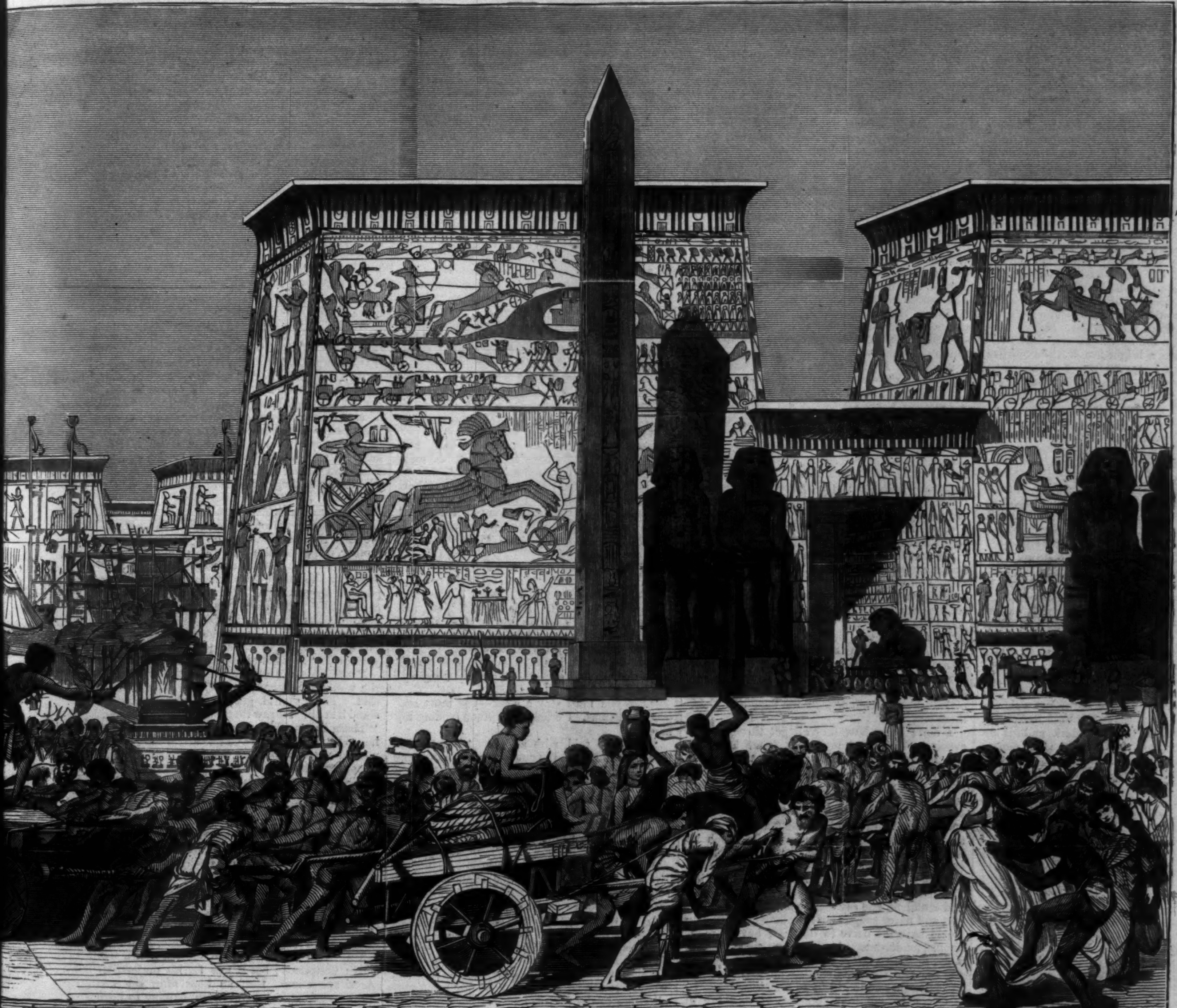
THE news soon became known to every body
the Green, and great surprise was excited by
Every body, I think, spoke to me on the subje
They said, "If it had been the other sister!" Ev
Lady Denzil went so far as to say this, when, af
having called at the Admiral's to offer her congra
lations, she came in to see me. "I do not prete
that I like the marriage," she said, with a little sole
nity. "There were claims upon him nearer hom
It is not every man that is at liberty to choose
himself; but if it had been the little one I could ha
understood it." I hope nobody spoke like this
Nelly; she kept up a great deal too well to sati

where they touched the statue." It was customary also for a band of soldiers to attend, perhaps for the purpose of overawing the slaves and compelling obedience in their odious task.

In regard to the locality indicated, we have to bear in mind that the Hebrews inhabited the eastern side of the Delta. Consequently, it may readily be imagined that they were employed by THOTHMES III. in the completion by him of the temple of the sun at On (Heliopolis) in the Delta, the foundations of which had been laid some centuries before by ORISTASEN, first king of the twelfth dynasty. The obelisk of ORISTASEN, with his name and titles engraved thereon, is still standing in a garden a few miles from Cairo after a lapse of nearly 4000 years, and is almost all that remains of the famous temple described by STRABO. This temple the painter has depicted, as if restored, in accordance with the general plan of the principal Egyptian temples as proved by the remains at Thebes and elsewhere, and the obelisk in the picture is an accurate delineation of the ancient monolith of ORISTASEN. The extreme distance faintly seen through the haze of light does not, however, represent the country in the neighborhood of Heliopolis; but is evidently meant to convey an impression of the general character of the scenery of the Nile valley, with its pyramids and temples, and rocky mountains honey-combed with tombs.

The first great propylon of the temple consists, as we see, of a gateway and two great flanking towers, in front of which are four colossal sitting statues of the king in black syenite, and the obelisk already mentioned, the fellow to which, though not included in the picture, should be assumed as standing on the corresponding side of the seated figures. The walls of the massive towers are covered (according, of course, to common precedent in Egyptian temples of all ages) with paintings; the two principal subjects representing the victories of THOTHMÈS. The lower one shows the king symbolically as a colossal hero putting single-handed his enemies to flight, and driving them to take refuge in a walled city. In the upper one he is shown with his phalanxes of chariots and horsemen. In the smaller paintings he is seen receiving tribute, disposing of the prisoners who are brought bound before him, offering prayers and sacrifices to the gods. The second propylon is still in course of completion and is partly covered with scaffolding, on which artists are at work finishing the paintings. Here in figures of gigantic size the king is making adorations and offerings to the gods. Lining the course or dromos which connects the propylae is a double row of colossal lions in red granite.

One of these colossi (the last we may suppose to be wanting to complete the avenue) appears here conspicuously in the fore-ground. Placed on a ponderous wheeled platform, it is drawn by a long string of Hebrew slaves, who are urged on by the pitiless lash of the task-masters, the principal and most conspicuous slave-driver having, forsooth (to make his tyranny more insufferable by contrast), his own precious person protected from the sun by an Ethiopian umbrella-bearer. PHARAOH himself accompanies it in his chariot, preceded and followed by a long procession of the officers of his court. At each side of him walk the fan-bearers, carrying the state flabella, which not only served to cool the air when waved before him, but were the insignia of his rank. He is dressed in the thin white muslin with which Egyptians of rank are always represented as being draped, and wears on his head a mitre studded with gold rings. An umbrella embroidered with his names is held over his head, and behind walk officers carrying emblems of royalty and figures of the gods on poles decorated with fluttering streamers. Before him goes the sacred ark of RA, the great sun-god, borne on the shoulders of twelve priests with shaven heads. Other priests walk in front offering incense and bowing before it; while behind it two priests carry the names and titles of the king. A princess, daughter of PHA-



—[BY E. J. POYNTER.]

me. She was in the very centre of all the flutter that such an event makes in a small society like ours, and she knew people were watching her; but she never betrayed herself. She had lost her color somehow—every body remarked that; and the proud little girl got up a succession of maladies, and said she had influenza and indigestion, and I know not what, that nobody might suspect any other cause. Sometimes I caught her for one instant off her guard, but it was a thing that happened very rarely. Two or three times I met her going off by herself for a long walk, and she would not have my company when I offered to go with her. "I walk so fast," she said, "and then it is too far for you." Once I even saw her in the spot to which all our walks tended—the Dingle, which was our favorite haunt. It was a glorious autumn, and the fine weather lasted long—much longer than usual. Up to the middle of November there were still masses of gorgeous foliage on the trees, and the sky was as blue—not as Italy, for Italy is soft and languorous and melting—but as an English sky without clouds, full of sunshine, yet clear, with a premonitory touch of frost, can be. The trees in the Dingle are no common trees; they are giant beeches, big-boled, heavily-clothed giants, and redden and crisp and hold their own until the latest moment; and that mount up upon heights, and descend into hollows, and opened up here and there into gleams of the far plain around, growing misty in the distance as if it were sea. The great point in the landscape is a royal castle, the noblest dwelling-place I ever saw. We who live so near are learned in the different points of view; we know where to catch it shining like a fairy stronghold in the white hazy country, or stretching out in gray profile upon its height, or setting itself—here the great donjon, there a flanking tower—in frames of leafy branches. I had left my little carriage and my stout old pony on the road, and had wandered up alone to have my last peep before winter set in, when suddenly I saw Nelly before me. She was walking up and down on the soft yielding moss, carpeted with beech-mast and pine-needles; then she would stop and gaze blankly at the view—at the great plain whitening off to the horizon, and the castle rising in the midst. I knew what the view was, but I saw also that she did not see it. Her face was all drawn together, small and shrunken up. There were deep shadowy lines round her eyes; and as for the eyes themselves, it was them and not Nelly that I saw. They were dilated, almost exaggerated, unlike any thing I ever saw before. She had come out here to be alone, poor child! I crept away as best I could through the brown crackling ferns. If she heard any thing, probably she thought it was some woodland creature that could not spy upon her. But I don't believe she heard any thing, or saw any thing; and I was no spy upon her, dear heart!

The nearest we ever came to conversation on the subject was once when I was telling her about a girl I once knew, whose story had been a very sad one. She had pledged her heart and her life to a foolish young fellow, who was very fond of her, and then was very fond of somebody else; and would have been fond of her again, periodically, to any number of times. She had borne it as long as she could, and then she had broken down; and it had been a relief to her, poor girl, to come and cry her heart out to me.

"It has never been my way, Nelly," I said; "but it seems to ease the heart when it can speak. I don't think that I could have spoken to any one, had it been me."

"And as for me," cried Nelly, "if I should ever be like that—and if any one, even you, were so much as to look at me as if you knew, I think I should die!"

This was before the lamp was lighted; and in the dark I think she put up a hand to wipe off something from her eyelash. But you may be sure I took care not to look. I tried to put all speculation out of my eyes whenever I looked at her afterward. My poor Nelly! in the very extravagance of her pride was there not an appeal, and piteous throwing of herself upon my forbearance? I thought there was, and it went to my heart.

The next thing, of course, was that Llewellyn was coming to see his betrothed. He was to come at Christmas, not being able to leave his ship before. And then it was to be settled when the marriage should take place. I confess that I listened to all this with a very bad grace. Any reference to the marriage put me out of temper. He wrote to her regularly and very often, and Martha used to read his letters complacently before us all, and communicate little bits out of them, and spend half her mornings writing her replies. She was not a ready writer, and it really was hard work to her, and improved her education—at least, in the mechanical matters of writing and spelling. But I wonder what sort of rubbish it was she wrote to him, and what he thought of it. Was it possible he could suppose it was my Nelly who wrote to him all those commonplaces? or, was the mistake on my part, not on his? As time went on I came to think, more and more, that the latter was the case. We had been deceived, Nelly and I. And Martha and Llewellyn were two lovers worthy of each other. I fear I was not very charitable to him in my thoughts.

But I could not help being very nervous the day of his arrival. It was a bleak wintry day, Christmas-eve, but not what people call Christmas weather. It rarely is Christmas weather at Christmas. The sky hung low and leaden over our bare trees, and of course there was no cricketers now on the Green, nor sound of croquet balls, to enliven the stillness. I could not rest at home. We had not been informed what train Captain Llewellyn was to come by, and my mind was in such a disturbed state that I kept coming and going all day long, on one errand or another, lingering about the road. I don't myself know what I meant by it; nor could I have explained it to any body. Sometimes I thought, if I should meet him, I would speak, and make sure. Sometimes I fancied that I could read in his face, at the first look, what it all meant. But, any how, I did not meet him. I thought all the trains were in when I went to the Admiral's in the afternoon, at five o'clock—that is, all the trains that could arrive before dinner, for we were two miles from the station. Martha and her father were in the drawing-room when I entered. There was a bright fire, but the candles were not lighted; I suppose, out of reluctance to shut up the house and close all the windows before the visitor came. Martha was sitting by the fire, looking very gay and bright, and a little excited. She told me Nelly had been all day in the church helping with the decorations, and that she was to stay at the rectory for dinner, as there was a Christmas-tree for the school-children to be got ready. "I dare say she thought we should not want her this first evening," Martha said, with a little laugh; and such was the bitterness and unreasonableness of my heart that I could have shaken her; which was nonsense, for, of course, she had a right to the society of her betrothed. While we were sitting chatting over the fire, all at once there came a sound of wheels, and the dog-cart from the little inn at Dinglefield station came rattling up. Martha gave a little cry and ran to the drawing-room door. I know I should have gone away, but I did not. I stood behind in the ruddy gloom, and saw her rush into Llewellyn's arms. And he kissed her. And the next moment they were back in the room beside us, she chatting about his journey, and looking up in his face, and showing her satisfaction and delight, as it was quite natural she should do. It seemed to me that he did not make very much reply; but the room was dark, and his arrival was sudden, and there was a certain confusion about every thing. The Admiral came forward, and shook hands with him, and so did I, and instead of looking as if he wished us a hundred miles off, Llewellyn kept peering into the corners, as if he wanted another greeting. Then he came to the fire, and stood before it, making the room all the darker with his shadow; and after we had all asked him if he had felt the cold on his journey, there did not seem very much to say. I don't know how the others felt, but I know my heart began to beat wildly. Martha was in an unnatural state of excitement. She drew a great comfortable easy-chair to the fire for him. "Dear Ellis, sit down," she said, laying her hand softly on his arm. The touch seemed to wake him up out of a kind of reverie. He took her hand, and held it for a moment, and then let it fall.

"You are far too kind," he said, "to take so much trouble for me. A thousand thanks. Where is—your sister? She knew I was to come by this train."

"No, I don't think Sister knew," said Martha; "that was my little secret. I would not tell them what train you were coming by. She is helping with the church decorations. She will see you to-morrow, you know. I wish they would bring the tea: papa, will you ring?—Oh, papa has gone away. Wait a minute, Ellis dear, and I will run and make them bring it immediately. It will warm you better than any thing else. I sha'n't be a moment gone."

The moment she had left us poor Llewellyn turned to me. Notwithstanding the ruddy fire-light I could see he was quite haggard with the awful suspicion that must have flashed upon him. "Mrs. Mulgrave!" he cried, hurried, holding out his hands, "for God's sake, tell me, what does this mean?"

"It means that you have come to see your betrothed, Captain Llewellyn," said I; "she has just gone out of the room. You made your choice, and I hope you did not expect to have both the sisters. Martha staid to receive you, as was right and natural. You could not expect the same from Nelly. She thought neither of you would want a third to-night."

I was so angry that I said all this in a breath. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I did it; I don't think, however, that he heard half. He covered his face with his hands, and gave a groan, which seemed to me to echo all through the house; and I had to add on to what I was saying, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, restrain yourself!" I cried, without even taking breath, "now it is too late!"

And then Martha came in, excited and joyous, half dancing with high spirits. I could have groaned too, and hid my face from the light, as he did, poor fellow; but she went up to him, and drew down his hands playfully, and said, "I am here, Ellis, you needn't cover your eyes." He did not answer her with a compliment or a caress, as perhaps she expected: and Martha looked at me where I was standing by the side of the fire. I knew she thought I was the restraining influence that closed his mouth and subdued his joy—and what could I do?—I went away: I could be of no use to him, poor boy! He must face it now as best he could. I went away, and as soon as I got safely into my own house sat down and cried. Not that crying would do any good; but when every thing is going wrong, and every body is on the way to ruin, and you see how it is, and know how to mend it, and yet can not, dare not, put forth a hand, what can any one do but sit down and cry?

But I could not rest in my quiet, comfortable, lonely house, and know that those poor young hearts were being wrung, and keep quiet and take no notice. I had my cup of tea, and I put on my warm cloak and hood, and went across the Green, though it was wet and slippery, to the school-room, where I knew Nelly would be. She was in the midst of a heap of toys and paper flags and little tapers, dressing up the Christmas-tree. There were three or four girls altogether, and Nelly was the busiest of all. Her little hands were pricked and scratched with the points of the holly, and the sharp needles of the little fir-tree on which she was working. Poor child, I wish it had been her hands only that were wounded. The others had gloves on, but Nelly had taken hers off, either because she found the pain of the pricks good for her, or because of some emblematical meaning in it. "I can't work in gloves," she said, carelessly, "and it don't hurt so much when you are used to it." When I saw her I could not but think of the pictures of Indians tied to the stake, with arrows flying at them from all quarters. I am aware St. Sebastian was killed in the same way—but I did not think of him.

"I wish you would come with me, Nelly," I said; "you know Christmas-eve is never very merry to me. There is no dinner, but you shall have something with your tea."

"I am going to the rectory," said Nelly. She did not venture to look at me, and she spoke very quick, with a kind of catch in her breath. "I promised—and there is a great deal to do yet. When Christmas is not merry, it is best to try and forget it is Christmas. If I were to go with you, you would talk to me, and that would make you feel every thing the more."

"I would not talk—you may trust me, Nelly," I said, eagerly. In my excitement I was for one minute off my guard.

She gave me one look, and then turned away, and began arranging the flags, and pricking her poor little soft fingers. "Talking does not matter to me," she said, in her careless way. Her pride was something that filled me with consternation. She would not yield, not if she had been cut in little pieces. Her heart was being torn out of her very breast, and she was ready to look her executioners in the face, and cheer them on.

I don't know how they all got through that evening. Nelly, I know, went home late, and went to her own room at once, as being tired. It was poor Llewellyn that was the most to be pitied. I could not get him out of my mind. I sat, and thought and thought over it, till I could scarcely rest. Would he have the courage to emancipate himself and tell the truth? or would the dreadful coil of circumstances in which he had got involved overcome him and subdue his spirit? I asked myself this question till it made me sick and faint. How was he to turn upon the girl who was hanging on him so proud and pleased and confident, and say that he had never cared for her, and never sought her? There are men who would have the nerve to do that; but my poor, simple, tender-hearted sailor—who would not hurt a fly, and who had no warning nor preparation for the fate that was coming on him—I could not hope that he would be so brave.

I saw by my first glance next morning at church that he had not been brave. He was seated by Martha's side, looking pale, and haggard, and stern; such a contrast to her lively and demonstrative happiness. Nelly was at the other end of the pew, under her father's shadow. I don't know what she had done to herself—either it was excitement, or in her pride she had had recourse to artificial aids. She had recovered her color as if by a miracle. I am afraid that I did not pay so much attention to the service as I ought to have done. My whole thoughts were bent upon the Admiral's seat, where there were two people quite serene and comfortable, and two in the depths of misery and despair. There were moments when I felt as if I could have got up in church and protested against it in the sight of God. One feels as if one could do that; but one keeps still, and does nothing all the same.

In the afternoon Llewellyn came to see me. He would have done it any how, I feel sure, for he had a good heart. But there was a stronger reason still that Christmas-day. He did not say much to me when he came. He walked about my drawing-room, and looked at all the ornaments on the tables, and opened the books, and examined my Christmas presents. Then he came and sat down beside me before the fire. He tried to talk, and then he broke off, and leaned his face between his hands. It was again a gray, dark, sunless day; and it was all the darker in my room because of the veranda over the windows, which made it so pleasant in summer. I could see his profile darkly before me as he made an attempt at conversation, not looking at me, but staring into the fire; and then, all at once, his shoulders went up, and his face disappeared in the shadow of his hands. He stared into the fire, still under that shelter; but he felt himself safe from my inspection, poor fellow.

"I ought to beg your pardon," he said, suddenly concentrating all his attention upon the glowing embers, "for speaking as I did—last night—"

"There was nothing to pardon," said I. And then we came to an embarrassed pause, for I did not know which was best—to speak, or to be silent.

"I know I was very abrupt," he said. "I was rude. I hope you will forgive me. It was the surprise." And then he gave vent to something between a cry and a groan. "What is to become of us all, good God!" he muttered. It was all I could do to hear him, and the exclamation did not sound to me profane.

"Captain Llewellyn," I said, "I don't know whether I ought to say any thing, or whether I should hold my tongue. I understand it all; and I feel for you with all my heart."

"It doesn't matter," he said; "it doesn't matter. Feeling is of no use. But there is one thing you could tell me. She—you know—I can't call her by any name—I don't seem to know her name:—Just tell me one thing, and I'll try and bear it. Did she mind? Does she think me—? Good Heavens! what does it matter what any one thinks? If you are sure it did not hurt her, I—don't mind."

"N—no," said I; but I don't think he got any comfort from my tone. "You may be sure it will not hurt her," I went on, summoning up all my pride. "She is not the sort of girl to let it hurt her." I spoke indignantly, for I did not know what was coming. He seized my hand, poor boy, and wrung it till I could have screamed; and then he broke down, as a man does when he has come to the last point of wretchedness: two or three hoarse sobs burst from him. "God bless her!" he cried.

I was wound up to such a pitch that I could not sit still. I got up and grasped his shoulder. In my excitement I did not know what I was doing.

"Are you going to bear it?" I said. "Do you mean to let it go on? It is a lie; and are you going to set it up for the truth? Oh, Captain Llewellyn! is it possible that you mean to let it go on?"

Then he gave me one sorrowful look, and shook his head. "I have accepted it," he said. "It is too late. You said so last night."

I knew I had said so; but things somehow looked different now. "I would speak to Martha herself," said I. And I saw he shuddered at her name. "I would speak to her father. The Admiral is sensible and kind. He will know what to do."

"He will think I mean to insult them," said Llewellyn, shaking his head. "I have done harm enough. How was I to know? But never mind—never mind. It is my own doing, and I must bear it." Then he rose up suddenly, and turned to me with a wan kind of smile. "I can not afford to indulge myself with talk," he said. "Good-by, and thanks. I don't feel as if I cared much now what happened. The only thing is, I can't stay here."

"But you must stay a week—you must stay over Christmas," I cried, as he stood holding my hand.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh. "I must get through to-night. If you'd keep her out of the way, Mrs. Mulgrave, it would be the kindest thing you could do. I can't look at her. It kills me. But I'll be summoned by telegram to-morrow," he added, with a kind of desperate satisfaction. "I wrote this morning." And then he shook hands with me hurriedly, and went away.

I had very little trouble to keep Nelly—poor Nelly!—out of his way. She made me go up stairs with her, after dinner (I always dined there on Christmas), to show me the presents she had got, and the things she had prepared for her pensioners in the village. We made a great pet of the village, we people who lived on the Green, and, I fear, rather spoiled it. There were things for the babies, and things for the old women, which were to be bestowed next day when they all came to the school-room for the Christmas-tree. She never mentioned Llewellyn to me, nor Martha, nor referred to the domestic event which, in other circumstances, would have occupied her mind above all. I almost wonder it did not occur to her that to speak of, and show an interest in, her sister's engagement was a quite necessary part of her own self-defense. Either it was too much, and she could not, or it did not enter into her mind. She never took any notice of it, at least to me. She never so much as mentioned his name. They never looked at each other, nor addressed each other, though I could see that every look and movement of one was visible to the other. Nelly kept me up stairs until it was time for me to go home. She came running out with me, with her red cloak round her, when the Admiral marched to the gate to see me home, as he made a rule of doing. She stood at the gate, in the foggy, wintry darkness, to wait for him until he came back from my door. And I waited on my own threshold, and saw them going back—Nelly, poor child, clinging fast to her father's arm. My heart ached; and yet not so much even for her as for the other. What was he doing indoors, left alone with the girl he was engaged to and did not love?

Next morning, to the astonishment and dismay of every body but myself, Captain Llewellyn was summoned back to his ship by telegraph. Martha was more excited about it than I should have supposed possible. It was so hard upon poor dear Ellis, she said, before they had been able to arrange any thing, or even to talk of any thing. She had not the slightest doubt of him. His wretched looks, and his hesitation and coldness, had taught nothing to Martha. If she was, perhaps, disappointed at first by his want of ardor, the disappointment had soon passed. It was his way; he was not the sort of man to make a fuss. By this means she quite accounted for it to herself. For my own part, I can not say that I was satisfied with his conduct. If he had put a stop to it boldly—if he had said at once it was all a mistake—then, whatever had come of it, I could have supported and sympathized with him; but it made an end of Captain Llewellyn, as a man, in my estimation, when he thus ran away. I was vexed, and I was sorry; and yet I can not say I was surprised.

He wrote afterward to say it was important business, and that he had no hope of being able to come back. And then he wrote that he had been transferred to another ship just put into commission, and had to sail at once. He could not even come to wish his betrothed good-by. He assured her it could not be for long, as their orders were only for the Mediterranean; but it was a curious reversal of all their former ideas. "He must retire," Martha said, when she had told me this news with tears. "The idea of a man with a good property of his own being ordered about like this! Papa says things have changed since his days; he never heard of any thing so arbitrary. After all he said about our marriage taking place first, to think that he shall have to go away now, without a moment to say good-by!"

And she cried and dried her eyes, while I sat by and felt myself a conspirator, and was very uncomfortable. Nelly was present too. She sat working in the window, with her head turned away from us, and took no part in the conversation. Perhaps it was a relief; perhaps—and this was what she herself thought—it would have been better to have got it over at once. Any how, at this present juncture, she sat apart, and took no apparent notice of what we said.

"And Nelly never says a word," sobbed Martha. "She has no sympathy. I think she hates poor dear Ellis. She scarcely looked at him when he was here, and she won't say she is sorry now."

"When every body is sorry, what does it matter if I say it or not?" said Nelly, casting one rapid glance from her work. She never was so fond of her work before. Now, she had become all at once a model girl: she never was idle for a moment; one kind of occupation or another was constantly in her hands. She sat at her knitting, while Martha, disappointed and vexed, cried and folded up her letter. I don't know whether an inkling of the truth had come to Nelly's mind. Sometimes I thought so. When the time approached which Llewellyn had indicated as the probable period of his return, she herself proposed that she should go on a visit to her godmother, in Devonshire. It was spring then, and she had a cough; and there were very good reasons why she should go. The only one that opposed it was Martha. "It will look so unkind to dear Ellis," she said; "as if you would rather not meet him. At Christmas you were out all the time. And if she dislikes him, Mrs. Mulgrave, she ought to try to get over it. Don't you think so? It is unkind to go away."

"She does not dislike him," said I. "But she wants a change, my dear." And so we all said. The Admiral, good man, did not understand it at all. He saw that something was wrong. "There is something on the little one's mind," he said to me. "I hoped she would have taken you into her confidence. I can't tell what is wrong with her, for my part."

"She wants a change," said I. "She has never said any thing to me."

It was quite true; she had never said a word to me. I might have betrayed Llewellyn, but I could not betray Nelly. She had kept her own counsel. While the Admiral was talking to me I can not describe how strong the temptation was upon me to tell him all the story. But I dared not. It was a thing from which the boldest might have shrunk. And though every body on the Green had begun to wonder vaguely, and the Admiral himself was a little uneasy, Martha never suspected any thing amiss. She cried a little when "poor Ellis" wrote to say his return was again postponed; but it was for his disappointment she cried. Half an hour after she was quite serene and cheerful again, looking forward to the time when he should arrive eventually. "For he must come some time, you know; they can't keep him away forever," she said; until one did not know whether to be impatient with her serenity or touched by it, and would not make up one's mind whether it was stupidity or faith.

PREMONITIONS OF INSANITY.

Many mental eccentricities are only the forerunners of very serious mental disease, and are indeed recognized as such by the more intelligent and honest physicians. Just as the whirling straws in the road are the forerunners of a great storm, so some odd symptom will often indicate the approach of a terrible mental overthrow. In many of the more terrible lesions of the brain, resulting in entire loss of intellectual power, the very smallest symptoms are often indicative of the mischief that is about to intervene. The inability to grasp a stick, the continual numbness of a finger, the loss of memory in small matters, are often indications of the approach of serious cerebral disturbance. Doctor Forbes Winslow, in his very interesting volume on obscure diseases of the brain and mind, gives a most extraordinary instance of impairment of memory, which he quotes from the case-book of Dr. Graves, a Dublin physician. "An Irish farmer, in consequence of a paralytic fit, lost the power of remembering noun substantives and proper names; the extraordinary thing was that he could remember the initial letter of the words he wished to say, but no more. In order to meet this singular difficulty he constructed a dictionary, including the names of the articles he was in the habit of calling for, and also the names of his family and servants. Thus, when he wished to speak of any of those persons or things, he turned to the initial letter, and as long as he kept his eye upon the word or name he could pronounce it, but his power to do so was lost immediately he lost the place." We do not know the ultimate history of this case, but in all probability this extraordinary symptom was as fatal as it was singular. Even the use of a wrong initial letter, if persisted in, is a symptom of mental disturbance. If you hear a man continually saying "puc" for cup, "gum" for mug, or "tufie" for flute without being aware of it, you may be pretty sure that his brain is affected. It often happens that such mistakes are made by the best of us in ordinary conversation, but we instantly become aware of the error, and correct ourselves, and this is just the difference between the sound and the unsound brain. In other cases of mental disease persons have wholly forgotten acquired languages, and reverted to their native tongue; on the other hand, it is recorded that Dr. Johnson, when he was dying, attempted in vain to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English, but did so in Latin. In the same manner certain events will slip out of the memory altogether. A farmer of New England, while inclosing a piece of land, happened, when he had finished his day's work, to put the beetle and wedges which he had used for splitting the timber in the hollow of a tree. That night he was seized with a mental attack which prostrated his mind for many years. At length, however, his senses were suddenly restored, when the first question he asked was whether his sons had brought in the beetle. They replied that they could not find it, fearful of bringing back a recurrence of the attack; upon which the old man got up, went straight to the hollow tree, and brought back the wedges and the ring of the beetle, the wood-work itself having rotted away. Sometimes during mental illness a patient will forget all the early events of his life, and upon recovery lose knowledge of all late events, and recur to those of which he was previously oblivious.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, toward the latter end of his long life, presented peculiarities of memory very similar to those we have related of undoubtedly diseased brains. In his ninetieth year his memory began to fail him in a manner that was painful to his friends. He was no longer able to relate his shortest stories, or welcome his constant companions with his usual complimentary expressions. He began to forget familiar faces, and at last forgot that he had ever been a poet. Pressure upon the brain by pieces of bone forced inward by some accident, sometimes produces a complete death of the sentient being for the time, and a restoration of the mental power upon the removal of the cause. A singular example of loss of mental life occurred during the battle of the Nile, when a captain was struck on the head while in the act of giving orders. A portion of the skull was driven in upon the brain, and the officer at once became unconscious. In this condition he was taken home and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where he remained for fifteen months, living the life of an inanimate vegetable. Upon the operation of trephining being performed, however, his consciousness immediately returned; he rose up in his bed, and in a loud voice finished giving the order he was issuing when he was struck down.

One can understand the recovery of a man's wits in consequence of the removal of a pressure upon the brain, but unprofessional people can scarcely understand a born idiot turned into a man of ability by a blow upon the head. We have the fact, however, upon the high testimony of Dr. Pritchard. "I have been informed," he says, "on good authority, that there was some time since a family consisting of three boys, who were all considered idiots. One of them received a severe injury upon the head; from that time his faculties began to brighten, and he is now a man of good talents, and practices as a barrister;" and we may state that this is by no means a singular instance recorded in volumes on psychology of the brightening of the brains of idiots by reason of hard shocks.

One of the earliest indications of softening of the brain is often found to be a paralysis of the muscles of the face. The eyelid will drop, or the mouth will appear slightly drawn aside. A paralysis of the nerves of sensation sometimes leads to painful mistakes. A case is recorded of a gentleman who scolded his servant for having brought him a broken wine-glass at dinner. The servant, after looking at it, said it was a sound one; the master again put it to his lips, and again said there was a piece out of it. Ultimately it turned out, however, that the master was seized with paralysis of the nerves of sensation of one side of the lip, and not feeling the glass in that spot, of course concluded that it was broken. The commonest symptom of approaching paralysis is a numbness of fingers, sometimes of only one finger, or a want of power in the grasping action of the hand. We do not allude to partial attacks, which often happen to the healthiest, but to persistent loss of either power or sensation. The gait of a person is often highly indicative of some slowly proceeding cerebral mischief. A man so suffering will either fail to plant his foot down decidedly on the ground, or his foot will slip aside, or he will drag his leg. Sometimes the motions of a person suffering from incipient brain disease are very like those of a drunken man, and it has often happened that an individual has been charged with having thus disgraced himself, when in reality he deserved pity and commiseration, in consequence of being upon the edge of an attack of paralysis.

Sometimes morbid conditions of sight are premonitory of impending apoplexy. A singular instance in point is given by Dr. Gregory, who tells us that a sportsman one day, while out shooting, complained to his gamekeeper for having with him so many dogs, asking why he had brought out eight. The gamekeeper asserted that there were only four; and the gentleman, by the sense of touch having found out his mistake, immediately feeling that he was suffering from double vision, recognized the danger of his condition and went home, and was almost immediately attacked by a fit of apoplexy, in which he died.

Soldiers have been known, again, to carry bullets in their brains without being much inconvenienced thereby, and, what is more, have passed through operations for their extraction, which resulted in a further injury to the cerebral mass, without permanent injury to their mental power. The senses of smell and touch become exaggerated. Every thing will feel cold to the touch, sometimes gritty or greasy. In others the sense of smell is augmented in an extraordinary degree, and also perverted. Some persons on the eve of an attack of insanity will protest that their insides are putrid, and that the smell arising therefrom is intolerable to them. The touch, in the same manner, is often vitiated.

The warnings, in short, of the approach of mental disease are very numerous, and would be very valuable if they were known in time, but to the patients themselves they always appear trivial. There are, it is true, fleeting attacks of despondency which for a time reduce the patient's mind to a condition of melancholia. The stomach, in such cases, is mainly in fault, and the spirits are relieved by a simple dose of medicine. There is an anecdote told respecting Voltaire and an Englishman which admirably illustrates this point. The two, in conversation, having exaggerated their own feelings with respect to the miseries of life, and the ennui that at times overtook them, agreed that life was not worth having, and made an appointment to commit suicide together on an appointed day. The Englishman came to his appointment, armed with the instruments of destruction, but Voltaire seemed to be no longer in the suicidal mood, and upon the other urging upon him the completion of their project, the Frenchman held back: "I beg your pardon, Sir; but a little medical treatment this morning has entirely changed my ideas on that subject."

There are other attacks, again, whose early symptoms are so extraordinary that no discrimination or medical knowledge is needed to decide the question of the person's condition. There is such a thing as insanity of the muscles, of which St. Vitus's dance is a well-known example. In this condition the will has no power of directing the actions of the limbs. The mistakes poor invalids thus afflicted are constantly committing are so odd that they are provocative of laughter rather than of commiseration. Their legs and their arms fly out in all directions; their faces, when they would look grave, put on the oddest grimaces. In short, it seems as though a demon were in possession, distorting every action, and forcing the unhappy individual to make contortions against his wish; for in this disease it is clearly against his will that his body rebels, the mind remaining clear and untouched. In some cases the physical spasm continues constant in one direction. The propensity to gyrate has, in some cases, been known to extend to the whole body, the patient rapidly whirling round for a month together continuously. In such cases there was undoubtedly brain disease of a severe character, implicating, most probably, the co-ordinating power of the muscles.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Slippery Speculation.—Skates have proved a good investment to purchasers, who, having laid them in last summer, realized their advantages during the late severe weather, although including many who have suffered as operators for the fall.

Two servant girls were given tickets to go to a theatre. Returning in a short time their mistress asked them why they did not stay. They answered they sat in the place till a curtain was rolled up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking about family matters, when, thinking they had no business there, they left.

An urchin unconsciously perpetrated a great joke at the expense of his teacher the other day. The lady was announcing to her pupils the holiday on the 22d day of February, and asking them some questions concerning its observance—among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else. "Why," she added, "more than mine? You may tell me," she said to a little fellow eager to explain. "Because," he exclaimed, with great vivacity, "because he never told a lie."

THE SHAVERS.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The merchant shaves in constant trade,
The broker shaves on twelve per cent.,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in patent pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves on his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The peddler shaves where'er he goes,
The office-holder shaves the nation,
The parson shaves to men's salvation,
The wily churchman shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

Replies Requested.—If an editor has a box at a theatre, are letters for him received there? If a gardener was to set a diamond, would he have a crop of brilliants? Is "Do you dance?" a *party* question? Can boots be purchased, like land, at ten shillings per foot?

The Effects of Eating Horse-flesh for Supper—Night Mare.

"Do yes charge eny body for the eddress, when yer sends a missege by tillergreft?" inquired Michael. "Never," replied the operator. "Do yes charge for signing the name?" "Never." "Thin sind this, an' my brother will know I am here: '*To John McFlin, New York. Signed, Michael McFlin.*'"

THE "SPECIALS'" PROCLAMATION;

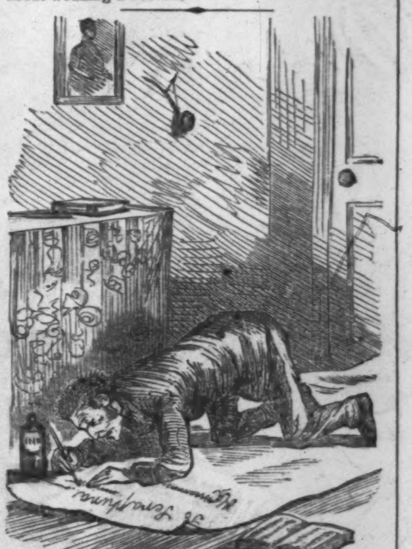
OR, TWO WRONGS MAKE ONE RIGHT.

We have hitherto believed this logical contradiction to be beyond the possibility of any other solution; but we live in strange times, which produce results of a like character. The proclamation below speaks for itself. It is composed of two Fenian proclamations (Manchester and Clerkenwell), and when read separately there can be but little doubt about there being two outrageous "Wrongs;" but let them be read as one whole Specials' Proclamation (as "Hurrah for old England"), and it can not be denied that they are one "Noble Right."

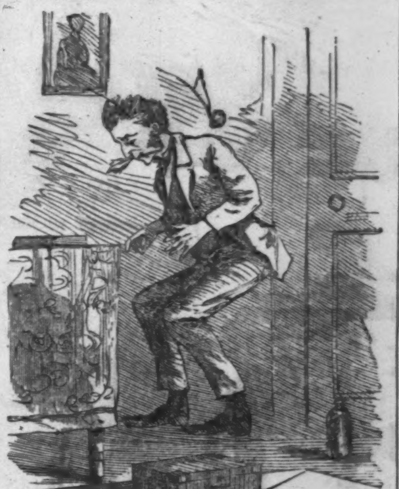
Hurrah for	Old England
Fenianism	Is a curse
We fight for	The Queen and Constitution
The Fenian Brotherhood	Is a league with Satan
We love	Free Speech
This Rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	a Free Press
Shooting and plunder	Will not be tolerated
We will not fight for	The "Centre's" freedom
England's welfare	must be secured
We must succeed	at every hazard
The Union	We love
We Love not	Such wreck and waste
And never said	Let the Union sink
We want	The Union
Foreign intervention	cannot be allowed
We cherish	The British flag
The Emerald Green	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The powers that be
Fenian Chivalry	Is hateful mockery
Down with	Mob Law
Law and Order	Shall Triumph.

Vivat Reg..a!

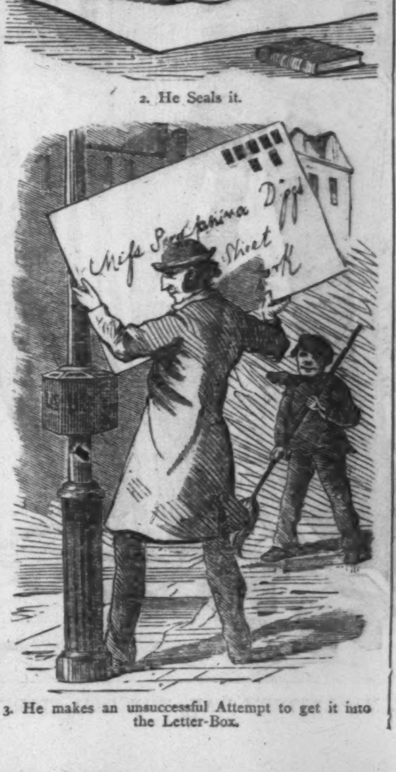
"Whenever I marry," says masculine Ann, "I must really insist upon wedding a *man!*" But what if the man (for men are but human) should be equally nice about wedding a *woman?*



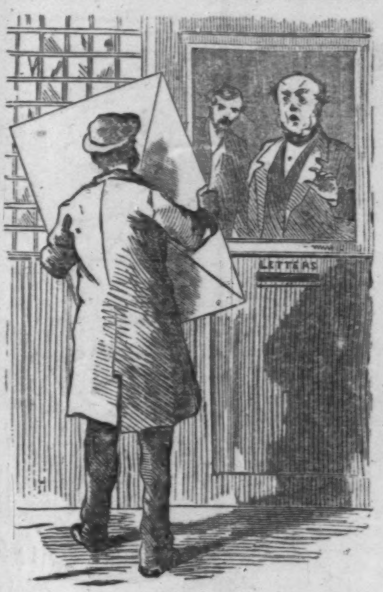
1. Higgins determines to send his Seraphina a Valentine large enough to express in some degree his unbounded love for her.



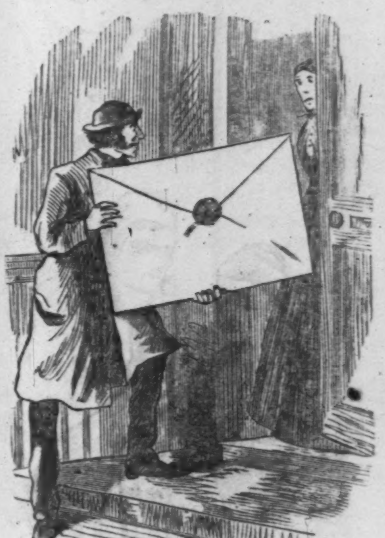
2. He Seals it.



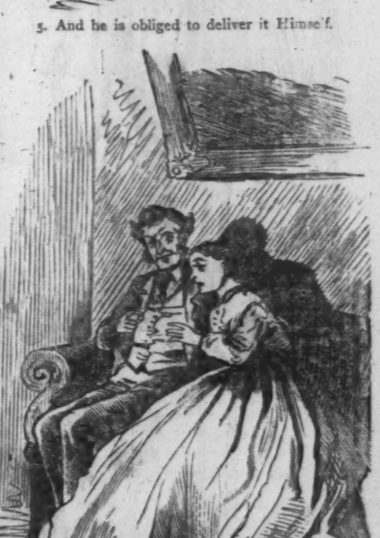
3. He makes an unsuccessful Attempt to get it into the Letter-Box.



4. He takes it to the Post-office, but the officials refuse to receive it.



5. And he is obliged to deliver it Himself.



6. The Happy Result.

Advice to the Girls.—Girls, do you want to get married, and do you want good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never did house-work—never cooked a pair of chickens—never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry—never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work. When you go a-shopping never take your mother with you to "carry the bundle."

Mem. by our Medico.—The man who drinks lime-juice plays his stomach a scurvy trick.

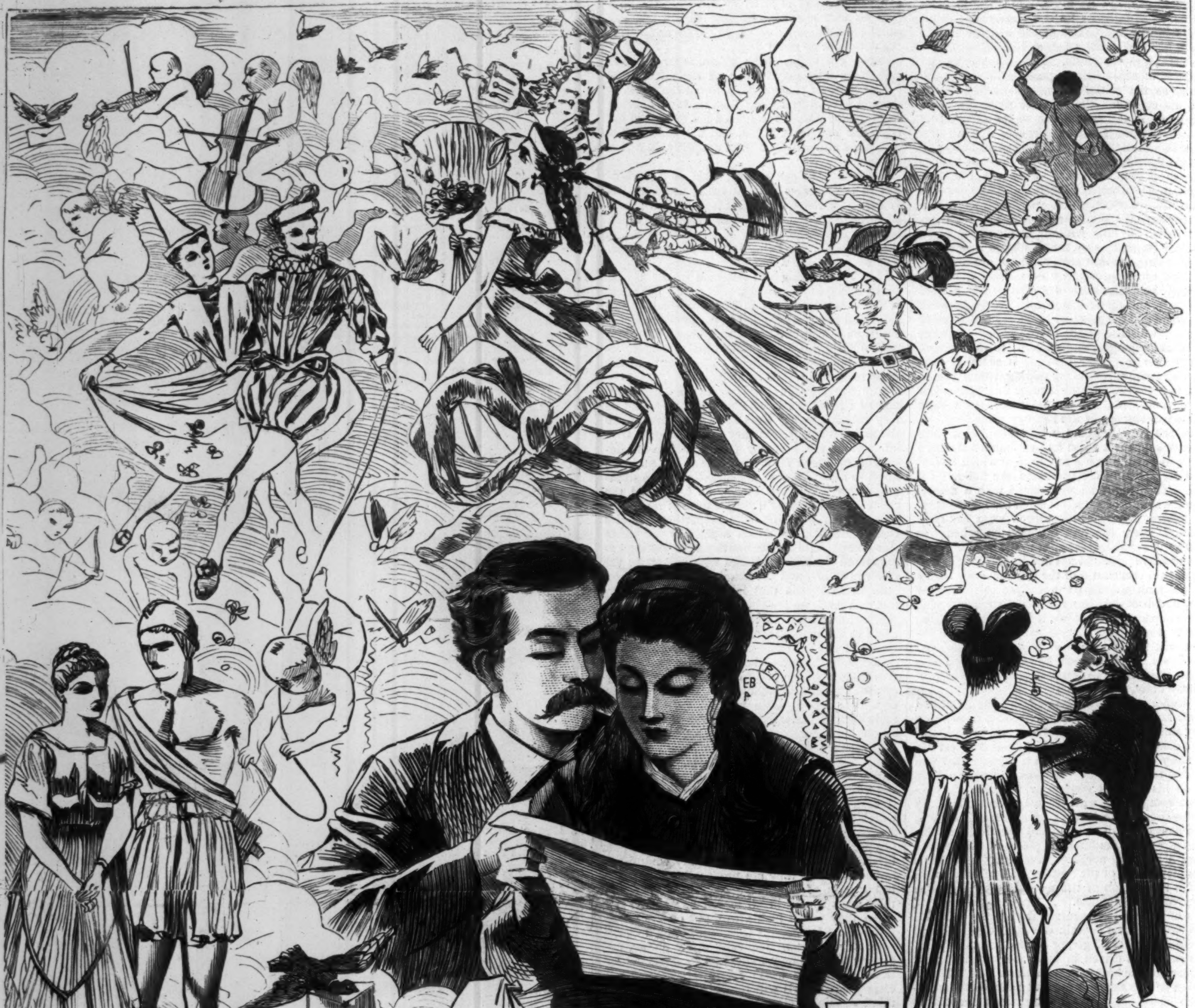
When does an artist appear most thoroughly miserable?—When he draws a LONG face.

A Connecticut Yankee has cleared his house of rats by catching one and dipping him in red paint. He then let him loose, and the other rats, not liking his looks, left immediately.

A gentleman traveling in Ireland overtook a peasant, and asked, "Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" "One Mr. Cassidy, Sir; but he is dead—rest his sowl!" "How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yer Honor, if he lived till next month he'd been dead just twelve months." "Of what did he die?" "Troth, Sir, he died of a Tuesday."

Dandies, to make a greater show,
Wear coats stuck out with pad and puffing;
But that, you know, is *apropos*—
For what's a goose without a stuffing?

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?" "I'm mourning over departed spirits."



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—THE OLD STORY IN ALL LANDS.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

J. ROSS BROWNE.

JOHN ROSS BROWNE, nominated, and we trust to be confirmed, as Minister to China, was born about the year 1820. His father had been editor of the *Dublin Comet*, a leading newspaper of the day, which took strong ground against the English Government. Those were days when writers in Ireland had no rights which the British Government was bound to respect. BROWNE'S paper was suppressed, and he thrown into prison, from which he was released on condition of leaving the country. Naturally he came to the United States, where he arrived in 1833. He struck for the West, settled first in Indiana, and then removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he became editor of a newspaper.

The passion for travel which has grown up with his son, JOHN ROSS BROWNE, early manifested itself. While a mere lad he traveled on foot through several of the Western States, a tour which lasted for months; then he voyaged for a while as a common "boat-hand" up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. At eighteen he became a reporter on a Cincinnati paper, and commenced the study of medicine, making himself in the mean while an accomplished stenographic reporter. Going to Washington he became a reporter in the Senate, having all the while an eye to future travels. Having saved a few dollars he started out, expecting that his funds would last him as far as Jerusalem. They were exhausted by the time he reached New York, whence, nothing better turning up, he shipped for a whaling-voyage. From this he returned after a couple of years with just money enough to carry him to Washington, but with matter in his head for a very clever book, "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise." Again he acted as Senatorial reporter until Mr. ROBERT J. WALKER, then Secretary of the Treasury, offered him the place of his private Secretary. He held this place till 1849, when he set out for California, a State which has since been his proper home, with a commission as Lieutenant in the Revenue Service. After an adventurous voyage, some incidents of which he has pleasantly told in his "Crusoe Life," he reached San Francisco with just money enough to pay the postage upon a package of letters, one of which contained the startling tidings that the revenue service had been reduced, and that he was among those whose services were "no longer required."

His stenographic acquirements here stood him in good stead. The Convention for forming a Constitution was in session, and he was appointed reporter, with the privilege, besides his pay of $10,000, of publishing the debates for his own benefit. He had the book printed, and just then the California question was the prominent one before Congress. The Senate ordered two thousand copies from which BROWNE, who by this time had married, realized a profit of $3000. He built a house at Washington, and supposed that his journeyings were at an end. But the passion for travel was not thus to be stifled. After a few months he sold out, and with the money thus acquired set off for a European tour, corresponding for the *National Intelligencer* from Germany, Hungary, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. A portion of his adventures in Sicily and Palestine were given to the public in "Yusef," one of the most charming books of travel in the language.

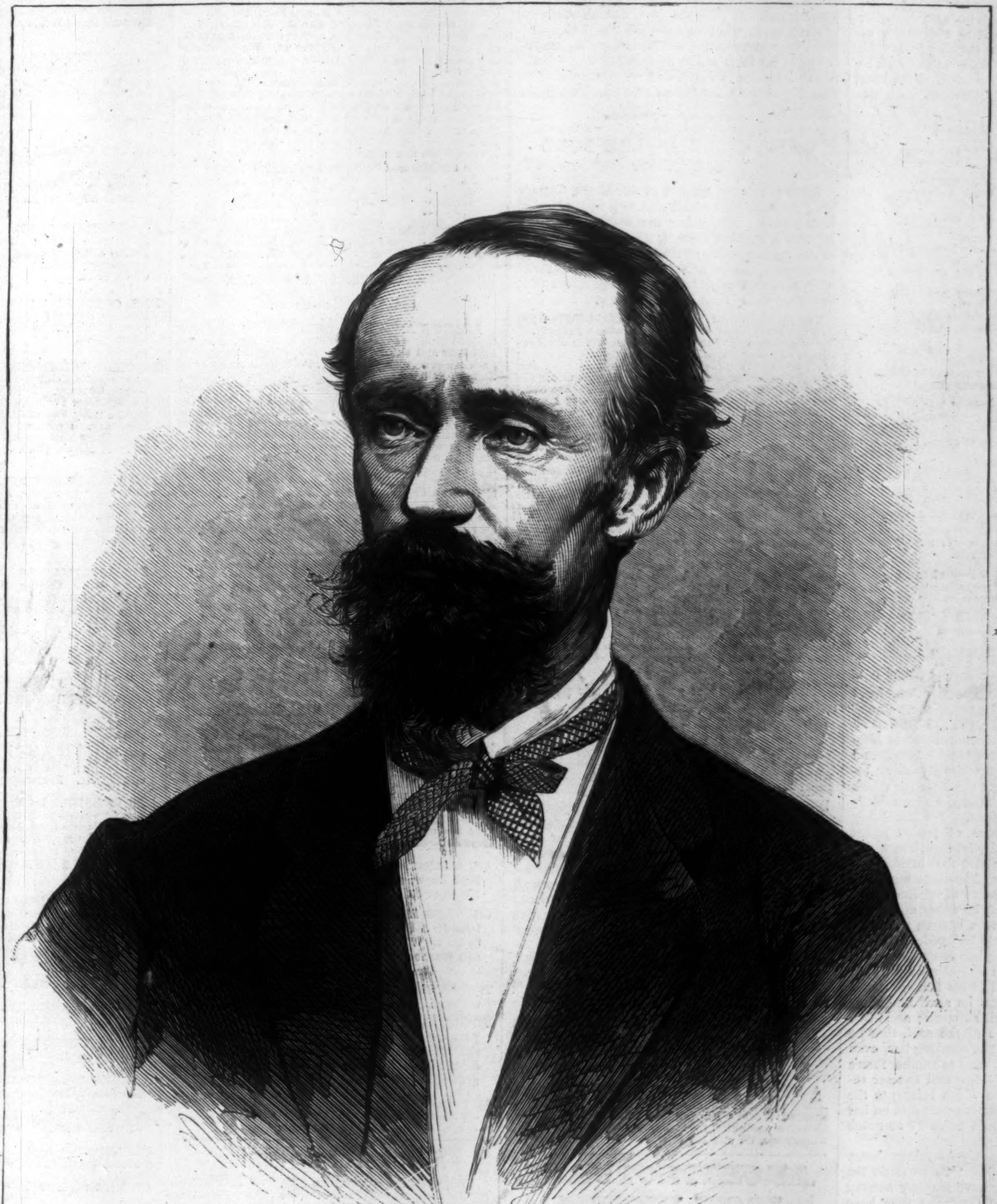
He had become known to the Government as a keen man of affairs as well as a clever writer. Returning to Washington he was appointed Inspector of Custom-houses and the like, and in this capacity traversed the frontiers of the Union, both on the East and the West. In 1855 he bought a ranche near San Francisco, and for five years was Special Agent for the Treasury Department, visiting the whole Pacific Coast and journeying into the interior. In this capacity he excited the ill-will of the powers that then were by his exposures of frauds in the public service. Traces of this old enmity still survive, and have cropped out in a strenuous opposition to the confirmation of his nomination as Minister to China.

Losing his "official head," after a series of journeys through the mining districts, in 1860 he set out again for Europe, partly to educate his children in Germany, and partly to travel. These journeys in Iceland, Russia, Poland, and elsewhere, together with his genial account of Home Life in Germany, have furnished matter for several capital books.

Returning to California soon after the breaking out of the war, he again traveled through all the mining regions, and made himself so thoroughly acquainted with our great mineral interests that he received the appointment of Commissioner to investigate and report upon them. His reports, printed by order of Congress, demonstrate his fitness for this post. Meanwhile the Wine-Growers of California, finding that the existing laws bore hardly upon that interest, commissioned him to lay the matter before Congress and endeavor to procure a modification of the laws. His efforts were successful; and Congress, appreciating the reliability of his facts and the soundness of his arguments, made modifications of the tax-law which have saved that growing interest from at least temporary prostration.

The voluntary retirement of Mr. BURLINGHAME from the Chinese Mission has rendered another appointment necessary. We believe that Mr. BROWNE possesses more qualifications for this post than any other man. We do not urge it simply because he is an accomplished writer, although this was the reason why WASHINGTON IRVING was appointed Minister to Spain, and Mr. MOTLEY to Austria. But this fact certainly should be no disqualification. We urge it because he is the man for the place. Few men living have come in contact with so many people of so many races and countries. No man, we are sure, has met with and parted from them upon such terms of esteem and good-will. The personal manners of a foreign Minister have much to do with the success of his mission. A cordial gentleman will easily accomplish every where, and especially among the Orientals, what a churlish Minister would attempt in vain. Mr. BROWNE has shown by his long relations with our Government that he is fully capable of dealing with all the questions which can arise between us and the Chinese. In matters of finance, industry, and national intercourse he is fully at home. His most absolute integrity has never been called in question. There is, moreover, a special reason why a Californian should represent us in China. California is the great point where the two peoples touch each other. No man but a Californian can fairly understand the great questions involved in our relations with the Celestial Empire.

Mr. BROWNE has long had it in mind to add China to the countries over which his travels have extended. Life spared, he will certainly go to China. As a mere personal matter we could wish that he should visit the Flowery Kingdom as a private traveler; for in that case we, and our collaborateurs of *Harper's Magazine*, would be in constant receipt of papers setting forth, by pen and pencil, the results of his observations. If he goes as representative of the nation, we presume that official propriety will not permit him to make any communications except to the Government. We yield our own wishes to the public good, and hope that Mr. BROWNE will represent not us but the Nation in the Chinese Empire.



J. ROSS BROWNE.

HOW TO CONVERSE.

Do not interlard your talk with Greek or Latin quotations. You know you would not dare to repeat English poetry after the same fashion; why, then, do you take that liberty with a dead language? If your audience is a scholarly one, they must have heard it all before; if not, they will not understand you, and you will in that case be guilty of an unpardonable breach of good-manners. A still more contemptible exhibition is afforded by those persons who insist upon using French terms (such as *exigeant* for exacting), when English ones express their meaning equally well. When these tid-bits are delivered with a rich roll of the tongue (to convey the idea of a Parisian accent), and even with shrugs of the shoulders, and palms of the hands thrown outward, to complete the local coloring, the educated Idiot stands confessed.

Be modest in your demands upon the attention of your company; and while taking good care that no other person shall monopolize the conversation, do not fall into that error yourself. Let every one say his say, unless (with his Widderburn Bottom or otherwise) he has proved himself incapable. And never interrupt a narration merely because you have heard it before yourself, although if the company generally is under the harrow, any worm may turn. If the memory is sometimes "a tremendous engine of conversation," it is also often arrayed against it; and a muttered groan will circle round a whole company at the beginning of some old stories.

A PARIS GUIDE-BOOK.

IT was fitting that the year which saw Paris at the summit of its splendor should see the publication of the *Paris Guide*. This extraordinary work is to all other guide-books what the *Iliad* is to all other epics, what the Colosseum is to all other theatres, what the Pyramids are to all other tombs. Here is a work of over 2000 closely-printed pages, written by the foremost writers of France, interspersed with illustrations by some of the most famous designers. It is in bulk an encyclopedia; for interest, a volume of brilliant essays. It is not to be put into the pocket in setting out for a ramble through the streets or a run through the galleries. It is a work to study before seeing Paris, to study again after seeing Paris. The history, the science, the art, the social condition, the outside aspects, the inner life of Paris are here set forth by men, each specially acquainted with the subject with which he deals. If one could imagine Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Tyndall, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, Spurgeon, the Mayhews, Anthony Trollope, Greenwood, Tom Taylor, and Oxenford, combining to produce a London guide—or Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Richard Grant White, Walt Whitman, Dr. Draper, Peter Cooper, Charles Sumner, General Sherman, Oakey Hall, and Henry T. Tuckerman writing to tell us all about New York and its ways and by-ways, then we should have a work analagous to the volumes now before us. To the *Paris Guide* nearly all the chief living writers of France have contributed. Victor Hugo has written one of his extraordinary rhapsodies by way of introduction; Louis Blanc, the eminent Republican and refugee, and Eugéne Pelletan, the practiced debater of the Corps Législatif, have narrated the history of Paris. Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Berthelot, and Littré have described the scientific and literary institutions. Michelet, Peyronnet, Perdonnet, Laboulaye, Morin, and a number of others have dealt with the schools and places of instruction. Didot, the eminent publisher, has told what there is to say about printing and publishing establishments. Gautier, Charles Blanc, Burges, Jacquemart, and others have discoursed upon the museums. Assollant and Guillemot are among those who have described the art treasures. Quinet, Le Duc, and Coquerel have written upon the churches. Dumas, *fils*, Roqueplan, and Augier upon the theatres. Dumas, *père*, and Taine upon the schools of art; and Darcel and Lock upon the industrial arts of Paris. When we turn to the second volume, "The Life of Paris," we find an even larger staff of illustrious names—Paul Féval, Edmond About, Jules Janin, Ernest Legouvé, John Lemoinne, Mademoiselle Doria d'Istria, Emile de Girardin, Louis Ulbach, George Sand, Paul de Kock, François Hugo; Nadar, the aëronaut; Forçade, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* Berryer, first of advocates; Jules Favre, most eloquent of orators; Jules Simon, foremost of educational reformers; Nélaton, *facile princeps* of surgeons; and some scores of others. Altogether, more than 130 of the principal writers of France have constructed this noble memorial of the most beautiful of cities. Every writer has been commissioned to write in his own way upon his own subject. The result is a diversity of style most charming in an encyclopedic work like this, and an amount of information such as no half dozen, much less one man, could have collected, even though a lifetime had been devoted to the task.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

WHATEVER else to the night has gone—
The night that never shall know a dawn—
It stands undimmed in my memory still,
The old brown school-house on the hill.

I see the briers beside the door,
The rocks where we played at "keeping store,"
The steps we dug in the bank below,
And the "bear track" trod in the winter snow.

The corner brick on the chimney lies
Just as it did to my boyish eyes;
And in dreams I throw the stones again
I threw at that toppling brick in vain.

The names on the weather-boards are part
Of the sacred treasures of my heart;
Some yet a place with the earth-sounds keep,
And some in the holds of silence sleep.

I hear the growl, from his central lair,
Of the swiftest boy who stood for "bear;"
And the sound brings back the joy and glow
Of the chase around the ring of snow.

Often again in thought I slide
On the stone-boat down the long hill-side;
The breathless speed, and the dizzy reel,
And the wind in my lifted hair I feel.

Ah me! There are spots that hold my dead
In a sleep unstirred by memory's tread;
And many a scene of life's triumph lies
Deep in the mists that never rise.

And things of rapture, and things of tears,
Are hidden within the veil of years;
But the old brown school-house on the hill—
It stands undimmed in my memory still.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, who, some time ago, in a volume misnamed "The New America," gave England the benefit of his experiences among the Polygamists of Salt Lake, the Spiritualists of New England, the Celibate Lovers of Mount Lebanon, the Bible Communists of Oneida Creek, and the Free Lovers of a dozen other American localities, has evidently caught the infection which has long troubled Brigham Young, Andrew Jackson Davis, and Father Noyes. He has lately published two large volumes of jargon about "spiritual wives" and "celestial love," in which he endeavors to convey the idea that in America we are all Mormons and Spiritualists and Eree Lovers. He defines this theory of spiritual wives to be "that a man who may be either unmarried before the law or wedded to a woman whom he can not love as a wife should be loved, shall have the right, in virtue of a higher morality, and a more sacred duty than the churches teach him, to go out among the crowd of his female friends and seek a partner in whom he shall find some special fitness for a union with himself; and when he has found such a bride of the soul, that he shall have the further right of courting her, even though she may have taken vows as another man's wife, and of entering into closer and sweeter relations with her than those which belong to the common earth; all vows on his part and on her part being to this end thrust aside as so much worldly waste."

Mr. Dixon calls this a purely American theory originating in this country. "In England the reading and writing public have scarcely entered upon these questions. In Germany they have been more debated, and the public feeling has found expression both in the church and in the courts of law." He thinks that "in Europe the old forms of society are too strong for this innovating religious spirit to make swift and certain head," and is anxious to know "where shall we find room for a new light, a new liberty, a new Gospel?" Americans may congratulate themselves in the choice of their goodly land as the field of this labor, for, according to Mr. Dixon, "it is mainly in the New World that the subject is being brought out in a thousand busy brains, and by a thousand busy pens. "In America," he says, "the field lies open. There the space is vast, the population sparse, the order new, the custom lax. No man cares to ask what his neighbor thinks, and only under pressure of great excitement ever dreams of interfering with what he says or does. In matters of religion, even more than in others, a Yankee is taught by his circumstances to give and take. The way in which people come together in a new place compels them to adopt a tolerant habit of mind, not only in respect to doctrine, but to all that flows from doctrine."

Some one has informed Mr. Dixon that "great numbers of men and women put their faith in spirits." Judge Edmonds, of New York, is quoted as numbering the Spiritualists of America at 4,000,000, "and that among these men and women not a few accept the doctrine of natural mates." By believers in this doctrine he explains that he means women who believe in spiritual husbands, and men who believe in spiritual wives—"persons who are known to be restive in the married state;" and he seriously quotes, as proof of the great numbers of these dissatisfied persons, the statement of a Southern paper made during the war, to the effect that "more wives ran away from their husbands in the North than slaves from their masters in the South."

English tourists in America are proverbially unfortunate, and proverbially abusive. Mr. Dixon has been the most unfortunate and most deceived of all; and his rather doubtful praise is the worst of abuse. English tourists in America naturally fall into bad hands, for they can not choose their own society; and it is, of course, not the best class of persons who intrude their attentions on the foreign gentlemen. But Mr. Dixon's tastes and inclinations have led him into unusually disreputable company, and he has gone home impressed with the idea that all America is given up to what he calls the "new Gospel." Mr. Dixon gives notice in his preface that scarcely any of his facts are to be found in books. As far as America is concerned we can assure him that few of them are to be found based on truth.

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM FUND CONCERT.

LAST evening a concert in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers took place at Irving Hall. Altogether the worthy undertaking was a decided success, whether in reference to the performances of the artists, or in point of attendance, the latter having by far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its generous promoters.—*New York Herald*, Feb. 9.

The grand musical festival in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers came off as advertised, last evening, at Irving Hall. The occasion drew together one of the largest audiences ever seen at Irving Hall, and so many persons applied for admission that at eight o'clock there was no standing room for the hundreds who arrived after that hour. After the overture Mr. BENJAMIN W. HITCHCOCK, manager for the Gettysburg Asylum Association, came forward and addressed the audience. He began by thanking them for their presence, and explained that the movement now inaugurated was a national one, and did not operate fer the benefit of individuals. The people had erected a monument to honor the memory of the dead who laid down their lives on the field of Gettysburg, and now it was proposed to create an asylum for the reception of those veterans who suffered mutilation or such severe wounds that they were incapable of supporting themselves.—*New York Times*, Feb. 9.

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM CONCERT.—A musical festival in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers was held last night at Irving Hall Three thousand persons attended. Mr. THEODORE THOMAS presided, and was sustained by Miss MARIA S. BRAINERD and a full orchestra.—*New York Mercury*, Feb. 9.

CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GETTYSBURG ASYLUM.—Irving Hall last night was packed with an immense audience, and the concert was a complete success. The people, indeed, seem to take this matter up with a will, and the object certainly seems most praiseworthy and patriotic.—*N. Y. Dispatch*, Feb. 9.

For particulars, see page 128 of this paper.

THE WITCH-FINDER.

THIS is the title of a mos[illegible]ing story, which has just been commenced in that very excellent family literary journal, the *New York Weekly*. It is from the pen of the great romancer, LEON LEWIS, and is decidedly the greatest of all that writer's great works. The story is strictly historical of the scenes as drawn from that era in the history of Salem when innocent men, women, and children were hung, burned, and drowned as witches. It is without doubt the most exciting as well as the most instructive romance of modern times. See the advertisement on the next page.

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A thoroughly authentic history of Salem Witchcraft has yet to be written. In the books treating of this subject the atrocities that were perpetrated by the Witch-Testers were classed as almost pardonable offenses, because committed under the delusion that the victims were gifted with supernatural powers, and could at will afflict any person with the most direful physical and mental ailments—such as blindness, deformity, or insanity. In those days every person who suddenly became ill at once proclaimed that he was bewitched, and began recalling to mind the female on whom he had last looked, and who, it was thought, had prostrated him by the power of witchcraft. The suspected party, as was natural, generally proved to be some unfortunate woman against whom the invalid had long harbored a spirit of unfriendliness. The relatives of the sick person were at once summoned. After listening to the story of the individual supposed to be bewitched, they would proceed in a body to the dwelling of the unsuspecting victim, drag her forth, publicly accuse her of Witchcraft in having afflicted their suffering relative, and make her submit to

The Witch-Finder's Test.

Tears and entreaties were of no avail; the expostulations of friends only made matters worse by leaving them open to suspicion, and it often happened that in endeavoring to shield the unfortunate victim from the fury of the superstitions multitude even the friends of the supposed witch were compelled to undergo the tortures of

The Witch-Finder's Test.

These tests were as numerous as they were atrocious and diabolical, and frequently resulted in the death of the victim. When proved guilty of Witchcraft, death by the most cruel means was of course the sentence; but it was not a rare occurrence for

The Witch-Finder's Test

to put an end to the victim's sufferings by death just as she was about to be declared innocent.

At this distant day, and in this age of enlightenment, there will be found many who will discredit the following brief description of one of the many tests resorted to by

The Heartless Witch-Finder.

The Salemites believed that it was *impossible to drown a witch*—that if thrown into a river she would certainly be able to make her way to the shore. Acting upon this belief, when a woman was suspected of Witchcraft, she would be compelled to undergo the

Witch-Finder's Drowning Test.

She would be dragged to the nearest river, and plunged in at a considerable distance from the shore. In case the woman succeeded for a time in keeping her head above the surface of the water, that was considered *positive evidence that she was a Witch*, and she would be stoned to death as she struggled with the remorseless waves. In this test the only proof of the woman's innocence of Witchcraft was *when she could not swim*, and therefore *sank to rise no more*. Innocent or guilty, it was death in either case! By drowning she proved herself innocent; but if it appeared probable that she could save her life by swimming, she was *stoned like a cat until she drowned.*

Even cruelty more atrocious than this was put in practice by

The Witch-Finder.

Private quarrels and ancient grudges were avenged by accusing innocent people of Witchcraft. Young wives were ruthlessly torn from loving husbands, accused before the gaping, ignorant, and superstitious populace,

Branded as Witches,

and after being marched through the town, that every body might look their last upon the

Female Demons,

the terrified women were given over to the villainous wretches who had achieved notoriety as

Witch-Finders.

The remarkable story which is soon to appear in

The New York Weekly,

is a reliable exposé of the atrocities enacted in the

Days of Salem Witchcraft.

The tale is founded on authentic records and data, and is entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem.

The plot of the story is original, although it has for its basis an accurate account of the cruelties that were perpetrated during the period of

Salem Witchcraft.

Among the principal characters portrayed in this exciting story is

The Witch-Hunter.

The most disreputable person in Salem, at the time of the Witchcraft excitement, was a man named BOARDBUSH, who had achieved a devilish notoriety as a Volunteer Accuser, a Witch-Tester, or Witch-Discoverer. This heartless miscreant praticed various juggleries, under pretense of distinguishing a witch from an innocent person, such as drawing blood, saying the Lord's Prayer backward, &c.

The Hunted Maiden.

Another interesting personage of those times was HESTER WAYBROOK, the daughter of a colonial merchant—a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, whom the villain BOARDBUSH persecuted with his attentions, and afterward hunted as a Witch.

The White Angel of Salem.

A third and most remarkable personage of those dark days was a mysterious being who appeared in Salem when the delusion was deepest. She possessed the aspect of a young lady; but a strange peculiarity was noticed in her appearance—she was strangely white, and her skin shone so brilliantly that many supposed her to be an angel. She went about doing good, opposing the Witch-Hunters, releasing prisoners, helping widows and orphans, &c.

Whoever would have full particulars concerning these and a score of other inhabitants of Salem in the days of Witchcraft, must read the thrilling and beautiful narration just drawn from the historical collections of Massachusets, and entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem,

BY LEON LEWIS,

which will be commenced in No. 16 of

The New York Weekly.

The great success of the NEW YORK WEEKLY is in a measure due to the scrutiny exercised in compiling the contents, so that the slightest offensive word or passage may be avoided Heads of families, fully aware that we expunge from our manuscripts every expression that might contaminate the young, present

The New York Weekly

to their wives and children, fully confident that its teachings will have a beneficial effect, and that its Stories, while they inculcate good morals, also exhibit the punishment that must attend vice.

The contents of

The New York Weekly

are varied to suit the popular taste; they are instructive, entertaining, and amusing. The thoughtful will find in

The New York Weekly

subjects that will induce reflection; the knowledge-seeker will be edified, and will learn the social habits peculiar to various parts of the world; while the humorously inclined can always find in the quaint writings of JOSH BILLINGS, PHILANDER DOESTICKS, MARK TWAIN, JOHN QUILL, and other humorists, something that will provoke merriment and laughter.

As we have not space to particularize at great length the numerous features of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will just mention some of the standing attractions:

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A department in which the editor indulges in familiar chat with his correspondents, replies to various queries put to him, and disseminates information that is of the greatest popular interest.

THE KNOWLEDGE BOX.—In this column will be found Domestic Receipts, Scientific Notes, Hints to Farmers and Gardeners: in fact, suggestions that will prove useful to all classes of society.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.—The important events of the world are epitomized in this column, and their essence given in pithy sentences.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.—This department is entirely devoted to articles of a humorous nature, and it forms an excellent dessert to the mental feast which the columns of the NEW YORK WEEKLY contains every week.

The above are the regular departments of

The New York Weekly,

besides which we have

Sketches of Every Description.

LOVE SKETCHES, SKETCHES OF ADVENTURE, SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE, SEA SKETCHES.

With such attractions, who can wonder that

The New York Weekly

is considered

The Best Literary Paper Published?

☞ **It should be borne in mind that in No. 16 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY will be commenced "THE WITCH-FINDER; or, THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM." The NEW YORK WEEKLY is for sale by every News Agent. Price Six Cents per copy.**

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C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

TESTIMONIALS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE OROIDE WATCH.—By reference to the advertisement of Messrs. Collins & Co., it will be seen that the firm claims to give a really good watch, with good works, and an oroide case, for fifteen dollars. Oroide is a costly bronze, precisely resembling gold, wearing like it, and never changing color like pinchbeck. We have examined these watches and found them good and cheap—two having been purchased at retail price by gentlemen in our office—and are satisfied that they are fully what Messrs. Collins & Co. represent them to be. Their ladies' watches are very beautiful, and we know of no present so cheap which would be more acceptable. The very small proportion of gold which is given in most of the so-called gold watches of the present day renders them practically of no greater value than oroide.

C. E. Collins & Co., Nassau Street, New York: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, January 6, 1868.

GENTS,—I have just seen one of your gold fifteen dollar ($15) watches, and must have one immediately. You will please ship at your earliest convenience one of the same kind (imitation gold $15 watch). If I get as good a one as the one I have just seen I can make a good trade for you in this part of the country.

Yours respectfully, J. S. COLCORD, S. Atlantic and Gulf Railway, Georgia.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 10, 1868.

GENTS,—I have carried one of your oroide watches some time. It keeps good time, and keeps its color good. I am well pleased with it. Mine is a large size, at $15. Please send me one of the ladies' size.

A. H. BRIGGS, 256 So. Desplans, Chicago, Illinois.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO, December 28, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received your chain per express, for which I paid $6 75, and am well pleased with it. I consider it a cheap article. Please send me two of your watches, gentlemen's size, at $15 each. Send them C. O. D., by express, to Fort Union, New Mexico, where the mail conductor from this post will receive them for me and pay all expenses. I have no doubt but I will be able to send you several more orders when the watches are seen here. Yours respectfully,

J. R. BOLTON, Quartermaster Sergeant, Co. "F," 37th U. S. Infantry.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, December 31, 1867.

SIRS,—Please send me one more of your oroide watches. I received the watch you sent, and I am very much obliged for such a good timepiece. Very respectfully, PATRICK D. CORNIGAN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York: FARMINGTON, IOWA, December 25, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I am much pleased with the watches, and concluded to keep them both. There is another order on the way for you, sent on my account. Hoping the above may be satisfactory, and expecting to send more soon, I remain, Yours truly, A. T. CHURCH.

Messrs. Collins & Co.: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, January 19, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—We are very much pleased with the watches, and have no hesitancy in recommending them generally. Hoping your advertisement in our paper will do you much good, &c., M. T. WOLF, Press Office.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, December 27, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me one of your oroide hunting watches by express to Blackshear, Ga. —No. 8, A. & G. R. R.—C.O.D. I saw the watch you sent to Mr. W. W. Campbell, which created a great sensation. I think you will be patronized if you hold out and prove to be genuine. I would be pleased to be your agent if I would be any help to you. There will be quite a number here that will send for watches in a short time. Respectfully yours, E. F. SWEAT.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, December 25, 1867.

SIRS,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your watch, and it gives entire satisfaction; but you forgot to send me the $2 chain. You will have more orders from me before long. Yours respectfully,

JAMES DILLON, "A" Co., 3d Cavalry, Fort Union, New Mexico.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: TOPEKA, KANSAS, January 4, 1868.

SIRS,—The watch came safely to hand to-day. I think it will prove all I expected. Please send me one ladies' size, double case, by the Merchants' Union Express, Topeka, Shawnee Co., Kansas, G. W. Wines. Please send me a nice watch, and oblige GEORGE W. WINES.

THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

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OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.
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IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
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Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution —each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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